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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

Macmillan Fights On

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN is a clever man, and a much tougher man than his predecessor (whose health is even now the subject of great anxiety). He seems to be quite unhampered, in his struggle to retain the job which came to him in such disgraceful circumstances, by any feelings of remorse or by the need to show even a veneer of consistency. Thus he returned from Bermuda looking very pleased with himself, having made this country finally and totally dependent upon the United States for its means of survival in the event of a major war. We do not protest against the implications of what was decided at Bermuda about atomic warheads, and we applaud much of the defence White Paper which has at length been produced. But it is surprising that a Prime Minister who owes his position to the goodwill of Jingoistic elements in the Conservative Party, and whose first speech after he took office contained the assertion that Great Britain would not be a satellite, should in fact be the man who has perfected his country's dependence upon the United States.

Nor is this by any means all. The man of Cyprus and the man of Suez has now released Archbishop Makarios from the Seychelles and has set the stage for another complete climb-down. Here again we for our part have only to point out that we have from the very first condemned the policy of repression in Cyprus as being

both immoral and futile. What has now happened was, in our opinion, inevitable. Much blood has been shed, and the chance of an amicable, graceful and advantageous surrender of sovereignty has been lost, through the obstinate folly of the Government, and in particular of Mr. Macmillan when he was Foreign Secretary. The next step in the Prime Minister's remarkable career of somersaulting will no doubt be agreement to pay Suez Canal tolls to President Nasser. It will then be evident to all but a moronic few that the entire Suez adventure, with all that it has cost us in wealth and reputation, was sheer waste—a smash-and-grab raid in which much was smashed but nothing grabbed.

All the indications are, however, that the Prime Minister intends to carry on. It is reported that he has said his present post suits him better than any other he has held. Many whose place of residence and mode of employment are very different from his must envy him the state of moral detachment that he has somehow managed to achieve.

Salisbury—Bevan of the Right?

IN protest against the decision to release Archbishop Makarios, without the guarantees upon which the Government had previously insisted, Lord Salisbury resigned. This was a bombshell indeed, and attempts to treat it as though it were an event of no importance are singularly

unconvincing. It is true that the Tory Party has a tradition of loyalty to the existing leadership which could hardly be improved upon in a dictatorship. It is also true that the motive of self-preservation is now stronger than any other in the Party. All the same, the resignation of Lord Salisbury on an issue of national prestige (for this is what in effect it is) can no more be dismissed as trivial than Mr. Bevan's resignation on an issue of Socialistic budgeting and defence expenditure.

The two occasions are more comparable than might at first sight appear. Mr. Bevan's appeal was to the constituency associations in the Labour Party, and Lord Salisbury will have much support in the Conservative associations, whose finest hour was when the bombs were falling on Egypt, and whose members have not yet recovered from the bewilderment and frustration into which they were subsequently plunged. Lord Salisbury is unlikely to make any direct bid for popularity among the Tory rank and file, nor will any such effort on his part be necessary. If the Government's "gambles" (including the Budget) do not come off, he will be sitting pretty, and it is worth remembering that, while he is no statesman in the creative sense, he is an exceptionally shrewd politician; also that in the Tory Party there is no equivalent of the trade unions to offset the extremism of the constituency associations. Salisbury's position now may therefore, *mutatis mutandis*, be stronger than Bevan's was in 1951. On the other hand, it should also not be forgotten that the Right wing of the Conservative Party, even when represented by the head of the house of Cecil, has before now been successfully defied by a skilful and opportunistic party leader. Disraeli was able to carry his Reform Bill against the bitter opposition of the present Lord Salisbury's grandfather.

Jordan at the Crossroads

AS we go to press, the situation in the Middle East is once again one of the utmost gravity.

The real danger now lies in Jordan, which is the cockpit of this area. Here, pro-Western and pro-Eastern forces are fighting it out, and the issue hangs in the balance. The trouble seems to have started over the question as to whether the Government of Jordan should receive Mr. Richards, President Eisenhower's special Representative to the Middle East, who is explaining the meaning of the Eisenhower Doctrine. King Hussein was in favour of the Eisenhower Plan, but the Prime Minister, Mr. Nabulsi—who is known to favour a centralized Middle East under Nasser's leadership—not only objected, but pointedly chose this moment to enter into diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union against the King's wishes.

The King thereupon dismissed the Nabulsi Government, but his efforts to find another Prime Minister were unsuccessful. After four men had tried, some of them people who had been associated with Nabulsi, it became obvious that violence was building up particularly on the West Bank of the Jordan.

What followed is still confused, but it appears that the King feared a *coup d'état* by the Army Chief of Staff, General Nuwar—whom the King appointed to replace General Glubb a year ago, but who has since gone over to Mr. Nabulsi—and acted swiftly to forestall it. General Nuwar was dismissed and exiled to Syria, Mr. Nabulsi, and many other leaders of the National Socialist Party, have been put under house arrest, and, at the moment of writing, the King seems to have gained control, at least temporarily.

The King appears to have the support of most of the residents of the East Bank, but the West Bank, and in particular the young students at Jerusalem and, to a lesser extent, Amman, are howling for Nasser. Both Syria and Irak have moved troops to the border, and Middle East politicians are once again talking of the plan to partition Jordan between Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt.

Irak has made it quite clear that she will not accept such a solution, and Israel, too, seems to be prepared to take action to prevent herself being completely sur-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

rounded by Nasser's troops. The stage would seem to be set for an inter-Arab War, and the attitude of Saudi Arabia therefore becomes of crucial importance. King Saud has no love for the Hashemite House; on the other hand, it would seem unlikely that he could view with equanimity the extension of Egypt's power which the partitioning of Jordan would involve. President Eisenhower's statesmanship in the Middle East faces its greatest test; if he can use his influence with Saud to save Hussein, the day may not yet be lost.

Commonwealth Conference—Why in London?

AFTER his talks with President Eisenhower, Mr. Macmillan was joined in Bermuda by Mr. St. Laurent. This was appropriate, since Canada's importance as a world Power is growing all the time and was demonstrated to the full during the Suez crisis.

A meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers will be held in June, but unfortunately it has been decided to hold it once again in London. These meetings should now take place in every Commonwealth capital in turn, and the sooner the process of rotation begins the better for all concerned. It is in fact long overdue.

China Trade

AT long last it appears that the Government have got tired of waiting for the United States to revise their policy towards trade with China, and are contemplating going ahead on their own. This tardy recognition of the absurdity of the American position—though, in Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's defence, it should be said that he has been pressing the United States Government for revision ever since he became Foreign Secretary—is much to be welcomed.

At the present moment, our trade with China is governed by the Battle Act, passed by Congress at the height of anti-Chinese feeling during the Korean War. This laid

down that any nation which traded with the Chinese in any goods which were on the prohibited list should be liable to lose aid from the United States. A similar list was in operation for the Soviet Union, but the two lists were by no means identical, the Chinese list excluding far more articles.

The net result was that the Soviet Union would buy from the United Kingdom articles permitted to them but not to the Chinese under the Battle Act, and then resell them to China at a handsome profit. Under the Act, exceptions could be made of specific orders, but not of general items; the British Government has made ever-widening use of the exceptions procedure, but it was never satisfactory, as the manufacturer never knew at the time he booked the order whether it would be subject to the exceptions procedure or not.

Not only did we lose vital foreign exchange by this rigmarole, but also it was politically disastrous. The only hope in the long term of causing any permanent change in the external policy of the Soviet Union is to be found in the possibility of a break between China and Russia. We should therefore be doing everything in our power actively to encourage them to be independent, economically as well as politically, of Moscow. Instead, we have been deliberately driving them into the arms of the Kremlin. It is to be hoped that this insane policy is now to be reversed, in Britain if not in the United States. We are now no longer wholly dependent on aid from the United States, and the Battle Act therefore has fewer terrors for us than it previously did.

The Adams Case

THE trial of Dr. John Bodkin Adams at the Old Bailey has raised many questions which demand answers, but chief interest has been rightly centred on the question of the preliminary hearing in the Magistrate's Court at Eastbourne. For many years now there has been disquiet as to whether it is possible for an accused man, in a sensational case, to get

a fair trial when all the details of the prosecution's case have been blazoned over every newspaper in the land, and thoroughly imbibed by every prospective juror.

But in the Adams case the position was even more prejudicial to the accused man. Before the magistrates, a mass of evidence was laid by the prosecution as to other murders alleged to have been committed by the accused man, which was never even mentioned or referred to at the Old Bailey. The fact that Dr. Adams was acquitted does not seem to alter the unsatisfactory state of affairs in this connection.

It is not the law which is at fault, for magistrates already have complete powers to hear all or any part of such cases *in camera*. In this particular case, the defence requested that the evidence relating to the other alleged offences should be taken in closed court, and the prosecution did not raise any objection, but the magistrates refused the application. The judge commented adversely on their decision at the trial.

The reluctance of magistrates to use this procedure has led to many demands for a change in the law which would compel them to do so. Mr. Ronald Bell, the Conservative M.P. for South Bucks., has given notice of his intention to introduce a Bill to this effect, with the proviso that if the magistrates find there is no case to answer, the proceedings may then be published, as the accused's vindication must be shown to the world. We support this proposal, with the additional proviso that, if the defence request it, the proceedings should be published. There have been occasions when the preliminary hearings have brought forward evidence favourable to the accused, and this safeguard should therefore be inserted.

A Bad Lead

THE claims which Mr. Gaitskell has to be considered as an alternative Prime Minister get weaker every day. His

astonishing behaviour over the problem of hydrogen bomb tests have dealt a shattering blow to his reputation and to his political honesty.

On the Saturday after Mr. Macmillan's return from Bermuda, after some Labour M.P.s had expressed themselves very dissatisfied with the decisions reached there on this subject, Mr. George Brown, the "Shadow" Minister of Defence, came out very strongly in a television broadcast for the British tests to continue, although the Government should try and get agreement on their limitation or abolition in the future. (This is what the Government are trying to do at the present series of meetings of the UN Disarmament Subcommittee in London.)

On the Monday, when the Bermuda Conference was debated in the House, Mr. Macmillan put to Mr. Gaitskell the direct question: If he were Prime Minister now, would he allow the British test to go on? Mr. Gaitskell acknowledged this to be a perfectly fair question and, after five minutes verbal wriggling, was understood to say, though his meaning was by no means clear, that he would.

The following day, at a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, it became apparent that there was very widespread opposition to this view within the Party, and the Leader of the Opposition, instead of standing by his own views and those of the "Shadow Cabinet," for whom Mr. Brown had spoken, weakly agreed to a compromise which effectively gets the worst of both worlds.

Whatever may be said of the rights or wrongs of the central problem, the Government's position on this is perfectly reasonable and logical; so is that of those who are in favour of an outright ban and the abandonment of our own tests. The Gaitskell compromise is neither. Mr. Gaitskell has acquired an unenviable reputation for leading his regiment from behind since he became Leader; his latest wobble must have raised doubts, even among his most fanatical admirers, as to whether he has any principles at all.

LIVING OFF OUR CHILDREN

By JOHN SMITH

TO whom does the future of the world belong? To the Asiatics, the Africans, the Russians, or the Americans—in fact, to all those people we call uncivilized because they are less decadent than us—but certainly not to our children, at this rate. Vastly outnumbering us, and enslaved either by force, circumstances, or their own ideas, they are engaged in old-fashioned and ruthless capital formation; while we, preoccupied with child allowances in the Budget, are inflating our children's currency, spending their savings, consuming what they will have to produce, leaving them to pay for our present comforts—and for our pensions—and failing to equip them—either mentally or materially—for their inevitable future. It is true that we have perfectly good schools and universities, and that some thousands of millions of new money are annually invested in industry; but at the present rate of striking (as oarsmen say) most of the world will eventually out-manufacture and out-trade us. We may “win” the cold war, but we shall have been beaten at our own game of Capitalism. Our children will be amazed how rich these Americans, Russians and Chinese are; they will fill all the best hotels in London, have the biggest cars, the biggest embassies on the best sites, and they will buy everything that the National Gallery chooses to put up for auction at Sotheby's or Christie's. They will appear to us as we once did to them; and we shall appear to them as the Greeks did to the Romans—a people respected for a certain maturity, who once did great things, but now outnumbered and outmoded, the curators of a huge industrial museum which it is amusing to visit, the husk of an exhausted nation. Great Britain; their own name for themselves; it is an embarrassing joke.

How is all this to be avoided? By capital, capital, and again capital. If we can raise it, on what is this capital to be spent? On the oldest of projects—the

development of our natural resources. Our chief natural resource, however, is not much help to us in this problem; we are not able to dig up enough coal ourselves, and we are not prepared to let foreigners do it for us. Consequently most of this potential foreign exchange must stay in the ground until the march of science turns it back into useless rock. What other resources have we? Only one; inventiveness. Indeed this is our only *hope*, let alone resource, since nothing but our inventiveness is capable of outpacing our laziness. So far we have always just managed to invent a way of moving earth before it has become quite impossible to find anyone willing to dig. Even our inventiveness, however, is being lowered in value by the vast amount of technical education undertaken by our competitors in Russia and America, and by the emigration of trained men. The emigration of a young scientist, whose upbringing and education have cost the economy several thousand pounds, is a many-sided disaster. Not only do we lose the capital—without even getting interest on it—but this same capital is used by other countries to compete with us. It is all very well to say that the world is the better by one happy person, that emigration binds the Commonwealth together, and that the emigrant stimulates our exports by spreading a demand for English goods; the fact is that the skilled emigrant raises the standard of living in his adopted country and lowers ours. It is terrible to export our brains when we might export their products; it is to eat the seed corn.

None the less, inventiveness is in our genes; and we are in a position to make the most of it. The educational soil of this country is old and much-tilled and produces mature stuff, admired by the whole world. Considering that successive governments have used teachers and others as a buffer to absorb the effects of inflation, it is amazing how good our system of education is. Our present need,

and the need of our children, is for technical education; education in elementary economics at school, in technology at the university, in management after that; and education in organization and methods all through life. Education no longer ends, even formally, at twenty-five. The static 19th century is almost over, and we must go on learning all the time; we must accept change as normal. All of this will prove the best capital investment we can make, but it will have to be carried out on a scale many times greater than anything we have already. Not only are more people involved, but each person is involved for longer. Moreover, all this is doubly urgent in the face of the European Common Market.

How is it to be paid for? Like all long-term investment, education is extremely inflationary at the start, and our inflationary troubles are great enough already. It is possible that America and the Commonwealth, grateful for the trained emigrants they receive, and respecting our past, will make us large grants for technical and managerial education. But grants, even on the generous American scale, will never be enough. Enormous sums are needed, not only for the education itself, but to provide the capital on which this trained inventiveness is to be exercised and turned to account. Moreover, we are committed already to a vast programme of long-term investment, not only in private industry, but in roads, railways and atomic power. And even that expenditure will probably not enable us to compete abroad, and so provide the standard of living and the resources which will keep our trained men here and pay for training their successors. Whether we like it or not (probably we ought to like it) we are engaged in an economic arms race; and capital formation is the bomb and the rocket in one—the only weapon which counts.

There is, of course, only one way of raising the money: from massive savings. There have been times when we were urged to "spend for prosperity," but they will not recur for us. Mr. Thorneycroft in his Budget gave no particular impetus to saving, thereby almost certainly making

his Budget inflationary—but at least keeping it honest. It is not honest to persuade the multitude to lend money to the Government at a real rate of interest about 8 per cent. lower than that stated in the advertisements. The amazing thing is that people still save at all—at least through National Savings. It shows that abstinence—that 19th-century virtue which produced capital quite as fast as the vices of present-day Russia—is, although hardly ever referred to, still counted as a virtue. Or perhaps it shows that the British do not understand inflation. After all, we have, unlike most Europeans, not yet seen the professional classes burning their furniture to keep warm, or workers running from the pay queue to spend their wages before they lose their value.

It is this half-awareness of inflation which keeps savings in the doldrums and which threatens us with decline. Half of us are too canny to save, even if we could; the other half too cautious to come to terms with inflation. For come to terms with it we must; it is with us now for good. The forces that make for inflation are overwhelming. Endemic throughout history, inflation is now reinforced by the cost of the cold war, the strength of the trades unions, the optimism of politicians, full employment, democracy (realists do not appeal to voters) with its shift to the Left (deflation is a "Right" manoeuvre), social services, controls (just increased by Mr. Thorneycroft; they merely put profits in the wrong pockets), greater equality of incomes, the end of the gold standard, and so on *ad infinitum* and *absurdum*. Most of these new influences are good in themselves and anyway unalterable; inflation is their common failing. The new forces acting *against* inflation are only two—European free trade and, but only eventually, atomic power. The best we can ever hope for is to inflate more gently than our neighbours; but we have failed even in that, and our inflation is only kept in check at the expense of the professions, the old, the poor, and the infirm.

What is to be done? Our future depends on saving; inflation destroys it. Should

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we go the whole hog, tie wages, salaries, pensions and dividends to the cost of living, calculate all asset values on replacement costs, and forbid trustees to invest in gilt-edged securities? Sterling would cease to be an international currency, but at least we should have decimalized it by making shillings and pence worthless. Or are we to save through Budget surpluses until what even the *Economist* calls "the ordinary rate of inflation," helped by sliding-scale taxation and estate duty, has finally transferred all property to the State? I believe there is a middle course, possibly unsound and certainly un-English. The two main channels of saving to which the public are accustomed are National Savings and life insurance. To introduce a new channel would waste the effort which has been put into the existing ones, and it would take many years and much expense to gain the public confidence. Any impetus to saving must be given through the existing channels. Could there not be a new issue—to be called the Industrial Issue—of National Savings Certificates whose value would be tied, by Government guarantee, to the cost of living? The current issue could remain open for eccentrics who preferred it. Pension funds, charities and individuals would be allowed to subscribe for the new issue in limited but increasing amounts. The certificates would be issued and redeemed, as at present, in units, but at a price dependent on the current cost of living. They would bear no indication of their value in terms of money. As at present, they would accumulate at a low rate of interest, increasing the longer the certificate was held. The funds raised by this means would be administered as the funds of the Church now are—not by Government officials, who have quite enough to do puzzling over the nationalized industries, but by an independent body of investment experts and others (including members of the T.U.C.), who would invest the money, with complete freedom, for the benefit of the owners, of industry and of the country. They would

not be debarred from investing in Government stock. And if, as has been known to happen, the investment managers contrived to keep slightly ahead of the cost of living, then the savers would benefit. Such an investment would satisfy the vast majority of savers, who do not particularly want to get much richer, providing their savings are safe. Life insurance has already progressed along this road; "with profit" policies offer some, though seldom enough, protection from inflation; and certainly one insurance office has started to issue policies expressed only in units—not in money at all—thus allowing the office, once it has dealt with the actuarial problem, to invest the money as best it can.

By themselves these new Savings Certificates need not be inflationary—it would be the Government's fault if they were—and they would have the advantage of sheltering from inflation those classes—the old, the poor and the infirm—who carry no political weight. At the same time, however, other reforms should be set in motion. The Premium Bond scheme, if it shows any sign of success, should be improved; it can certainly be made cheaper and probably more attractive as well. Capitalism must be made rational, intelligible and palatable to the public. Company accounts in their present form are quite unsuitable for an age of inflation. In addition, the whole system of taxation should be further reviewed.

No doubt Lord Radcliffe's committee—if it does not explode in a shower of minority reports—will help (their terms of reference include "the need to maintain a high level of saving and investment"); but there is also room for a group of financially literate people—perhaps the Bow Group—allied with some of the rarer dons, to study these problems. "Invention and Saving" should be their motto. On those words depend whether our children are to be native attractions for the new rich of Asia, or a civilized people with leisure they can afford to use.

JOHN SMITH.

WHAT PRICE LIBERALISM NOW?

By J. GRIMOND, M.P.

THE events which led to Suez and the aftermath showed up many things, not least the amoeba-like state of the Conservative Party and the impotence of liberals. I use liberal in the best American sense (in which I would call Lippmann a liberal) meaning those who believe in decency and fair-dealing in political affairs, who value reason more than war-cries, and who in general want what is loosely called "a free progressive society."

Many of these people, despairing of the future of the Liberal Party, have joined the Conservative or Labour Parties, some have withdrawn from party politics.

The National Review last month claimed that the liberal elements in the Tory Party are doing more for liberalism than a tiny group of (Liberal) M.P.s. This seems a very strange claim when these liberal Tories have just suffered such a crushing defeat. If it showed nothing else, Suez showed up the failure of the liberal Tories who might be accused of being (to paraphrase the Editor's words) "prepared to throw all their principles over in a successful attempt to cling to a rewarding party"—though in fact this accusation would ignore their genuine aims and difficulties.

It is absurd to suppose that "Pro" or "Anti" Suez could be made the touchstone for all time of fitness for membership of the Liberal Party. It is equally difficult to suppose that *The National Review* really wants the Liberal Party to be more ruthless in its insistence on the party line than either Tory or Labour. It may want to found a new rigidly disciplined "anti-Suez" movement—if so, why does it not come out and do so? It should not stand on the sidelines and slate others for not carrying the ball as it wants. No Liberal that I know of threw his principles over at Carmarthen. To approve or disapprove of the ultimate act of Suez could not be a liberal principle.

To approve or disapprove of the Government's conduct in the years which led up to Suez (or Munich) might be. This is far more the test. I do not claim to be a great purist in politics, but how can anyone claim that principle is safe in the arms of the party which forms the present Government, now straddling from Sir Edward Boyle to the Suez Group? Their Foreign Secretary has lately made another hysterical defence of their conduct prior to the operation. How long can those who feel so passionately about Suez continue in the Tory Party?

But recrimination is not my purpose. Liberals of all parties are faced with difficulties to which there is no dead-easy solution. Suez did not begin or end these difficulties.

It seems to me, however, to be important for the future of British politics to draw the right conclusions in this connection from the Suez affair. Many people whom it would be absurd to eject from the sacred groves of liberalism, or Liberalism, were in favour of the Suez action itself. It is their concern at the whole course of events from July 1956—and indeed long before it—the methods pursued by our Government, and the light these methods throw on the state of our affairs, which marks out the liberals of the Suez era.

Whether the final action was right or wrong, certain conclusions can hardly be gainsaid. It made nonsense of the declarations of Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd about the United Nations and the Tripartite Declaration. It showed our foreign policy up to July 1956 to have been a sham. Parliament was deliberately misled. Questions were evaded or disingenuous answers provided. The Civil Service, our Ambassadors and senior officials in the Foreign Service, were also

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misled. So were our Commonwealth partners and our allies.

There may have been previous occasions on which a Government went in for such wholesale deception, but I cannot think of them. Of course, there have been wicked Governments—the Lloyd George Government, for instance, after the first war, with its sale of honours, coupon election and Black and Tans. But there has seldom, if ever, been a similar instance in British politics of a Government of good and moderately good men coming so adrift from any moorings in consistency or political integrity.

Over the twistings and tergiversations of the autumn, no member of the Cabinet resigned; two members of the Government did and ten or so Tory backbenchers were pricked into some form of open protest. Several Tory M.P.s who do not attempt to defend the course of events explain their own failure to make any overt protest by claiming either that they can do more by stealth in the Conservative Party than outside it, or else on the grounds that to put the Socialists in would be worse even than dishonour.

As for the Labour and Liberal Parties, they might debate, question and protest, but they were unable to forestall the disaster. After ten distressing weeks the Tory Party stretched out its tentacles and sucked back all but one of the Parliamentary dissentients. The liberals who returned to the fold might claim that the policy they opposed was dead. The acceptance by members of the Suez Group was far more astonishing, for their policy is in ruins. I suggest that these events should make all liberals consider where they stand.

Liberals have often been confounded with Centralists. Indeed, some of them have been attracted to the Conservative Party because they have confused Liberalism and Centralism. There is often a drift towards the Centre in British politics, just as there is a drift to the Left in France. There is also the perennial Butlerism, which makes Tories accept what their opponents have achieved. This attitude of mind sometimes goes with liberalism and was



Photo : Camera Press.

JOSEPH GRIMOND.

particularly identifiable with a liberal outlook when the main opposition was Liberal. But it is by no means necessarily the same as liberalism. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Maudling are unquestionably very able Centralists; whether or not they are liberal remains to be seen. Certainly their liberalism was not seen in the open over Suez. Liberals who looked for a lead in political straight-dealing from such men as Mr. Butler confounded liberalism with Centralism. They overlooked the Centralist tendency to compromise. They should beware of hoping to convert the Tory Party just because it has a Centralist wing. Again, liberals of the type I am discussing find themselves on many non-economic issues close to some members of the Labour Party. But they not only feel a strong antipathy to more State control and nationalization; they revolt against a great deal which would be inevitable in a Socialist society. It would seem that the task of turning the Labour Party from Socialism is beyond even the strength of Hercules.

Nor is it certain that all of these liberals would be happy in the Liberal Party. For the Liberal Party hopes to change society. It hopes to complete what it failed to achieve in the 19th century. It encouraged the old society to break up. It did not generate a satisfactory new society. Between J. S. Mill and Walter Lippmann there is practically no coherent liberal political philosophy—saving such writers as Bosanquet and Green, who were largely academic and partly Socialist. The field was left to the Socialists, who developed the theory of State action in place of that of organic institutions outside the State. The Liberal Party stands for a society with property widely disseminated, social but not economic equality, equal opportunities as against hereditary rights, and protection of the individual against tyranny by the State or by trade unions, employers, federations, or the party caucus.

The first question which American-type liberals have to consider is: can they be effective unless they are prepared to accept the kind of society for which the Liberal Party stands? Is not their impotence due to their adherence to a party which lacks any view of society?

They may argue that the Conservative Party does not in theory reject the liberal view of society, but in practice it certainly does. The Conservative Party has been in power six years and has taken no steps towards changing society. Any examination of Mr. Macmillan's Government shows that the dominant motive of its members is to keep things quiet, making judicious compromises here and there to maintain themselves in office. They want to be in office partly because it is a nice place to be, partly because they dread another bout of Socialism, but they do not want to do very much when they are there.

Paradoxical as it may seem, I am sure that the events leading up to Suez are part of the general Conservative pattern. The Government lacked any conviction about the Commonwealth or the United Nations, or the Tripartite Declaration, just as they do about the structure of industry or the scope of Government action at home. They were not determined to set a new

pattern in international affairs. So they drifted into the shifts of their Suez policy. They still lack any strong belief that the U.N. can be made to work. It is at least highly doubtful whether they have any foreign or home policy by which they are prepared to stand. They still hope for a quiet life.

But they are unlikely in the world of to-day to get a quiet life. Let me mention just two examples of the sort of dilemmas they may face. If, following the pattern of the nationalized industries (which the Government are supposed ultimately to control), wage increases are granted all round, are they going to hold money and credit down, with all that will imply, or are they going to allow the cost of living to soar? Are they going to accept the sort of settlement over the Canal and the Middle East against which they have struggled so long, or are they going to make another essay in power politics?

These considerations oblige liberals to do more than just hope that the same old Cabinet (virtually) will change its spots. They must do more than pray that in devious ways they will be able to reassert fair dealing in Government. If many such liberals believe that they could not accept the Labour Whip and a Socialist society, they must nevertheless oppose some coherent action and some view of society and politics to the emptiness of most Tory leaders. If they are not prepared to accept the type of society for which the Liberal Party works—and our concept is far from complete or perfect—what are they after?

The second question which liberals must consider is whether they are satisfied with our present Parliamentary institutions. It has alarmed many people to discover that we could be taken into war without perhaps even the whole Cabinet, let alone the Opposition, being consulted. Even the best-informed people outside Parliament were unaware of the dangers and unable to make their influence felt. The case for Parliamentary reform has been greatly strengthened by Suez. If there had been an all-party foreign affairs committee to which the Secretary of State

WHAT PRICE LIBERALISM NOW?

was bound to report in private, reasonable opinion might have exerted much greater leverage. It proved impossible to bridge the gap between the parties. So strong is the machine, that although a majority of the House of Commons was probably against Suez, there was no way for the dissentient Tories to work on this issue with the Labour and Liberal Parties. In America or France this situation would not have arisen. Is not the price too high when the party system overrides all scruples, even on an issue of peace or war?

This is not a tract in favour of the Liberal Party, though naturally I think it offers the solution by providing the rallying point for all liberals. If I am wrong, however, the question still remains: what can liberals do? I find that all too many are inclined to wash their hands of politics. Some say that politics no longer matter. For myself, I believe that politics matter very much, but I see the danger (and have written about it) that Parliament may go the way of the French Assembly. It may cease to appeal to the most suitable potential members. It may fall into impotence and disrepute. I cannot believe that this would not matter. I cannot believe that the disunity and ineffectiveness of liberals does not matter. If liberalism fails, democracy fails. The two are bound up together. Not only over Suez, but in other ways, there are signs that democracy is not healthy here to-day. During strikes, the blind refusal of some union leaders to listen to reason, or to the wishes of their members, is disturbing. The substitution of cat-calls for political argument in local and national government, and the growing tendency to use public funds to dole out *panem et circenses*, are not very encouraging.

Some way must be found of making liberals effective. Until there is a strong Liberal Party cannot we find at least some inter-party organization for the purpose? There are of course many committees in and out of Parliament which contain people of different parties who agree on a common view on some subject. But they seldom undertake political action and never press that action very far. It is

understood that M.P.s at any rate who serve on them will in the last resort follow the party line. I suggest that precedent has to be established that M.P.s can break the party line and defeat the Government without bringing it down. I know this is dangerous. Once you allow "freedom of conscience" to Members it is all too likely that they will not exercise their new freedom according to their consciences, but according to what powerful pressure groups demand. Bad as the Whips may be, the scorpions of sectional and constituency interests are worse—ask Mr. Nicolson. We might eventually slip into the American system, where a voting majority can only be held together by patronage. But if it were understood that the line would only be broken on subjects of major importance, would not the advantages outweigh the dangers? It is quite likely that we might have been spared both the Cyprus and the Suez fiascos if cross-voting had been possible.

Even if the idea of Members voting against their parties is thought now too revolutionary (it was quite common fifty years ago) at least some liberal organization which can keep liberals in touch with one another is needed. We all know that the only thing necessary to ensure the triumph of evil is that good men should do nothing—and that is just what good men have been doing. How many times have we not heard "Don't jog Sir Anthony's elbow just when he is in the middle of these difficult negotiations," or "Of course I disagree with the Government, but I don't like to say so because it will strengthen Nasser," or "These strikes will ruin the country, but to criticize the unions will only make things worse." Above all, "I disagree with this or that which the Government is doing, but to let in the Socialists would be suicide."

I doubt if an amoeba can afford to be a very fierce animal. Certainly the recent Tory Governments have not shown any inclination to fight any well-organized body which stands up to them. What about liberals trying a little organization on their own?

J. GRIMOND.

THE FUTURE OF APARTHEID

By COMMANDER SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL

RACIAL tension in the Union of South Africa has increased to a disturbing extent during the past year or two and the impression left on the mind of the present writer, after spending a month in the Union as part of a three months' tour of African territories, is that it will continue to increase unless there is some modification of the present policy of *Apartheid*.

An examination of the complex laws which with continued amendments and additions make up the legal machinery for *Apartheid* should convince anyone that the Nationalists are not stupid, except in so far as an attempt to achieve the impossible is stupidity. These laws are a very complicated and ingenious effort to achieve something which the Tomlinson Report has shown beyond dispute to be impossible.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that because even the extreme Nationalists such as Mr. Verwoerd have had to admit that the Tomlinson Report knocks 100 per cent. *Apartheid* on the head, these men regard the cause as lost.

In private, intelligent Nationalists, of whom there are plenty, will admit the obvious fact that the whole economy of the country would come to a full stop without African labour. They will go so far as to say that the chances are that all the territories in Africa (except the Union) will become African States, in which Africans will hold political power. But, because they will be African States, they will be inefficient and the standard of living in them for Africans will be lower than that ruling in the Union.

There will then always be a large number of Africans who will be attracted into the labour force of the Union in order to make money, even though they know that they will have no political power and in general will be treated as second-class citizens. It is further argued that Africans who do this, and are desirous of exercising political power and living as equals amongst their fellow-men, will accumulate

wealth in the Union and then return to their own territories to enjoy liberty. These remarks refer to immigrant labour and the Nationalist politician is less certain about what is going to happen to the resident African population who—in theory—will enjoy some degree of political liberty in the reserves, when *Apartheid* flowers into full development. It has to be admitted that the reserves cannot support the African population and the Tomlinson Report has shown that the idea of industrializing them is a pipe dream.

In short, there is no escape from the fact that in the great cities, of which Johannesburg is the prime example, in the mines, on the farms and in the growing secondary industries African labour by the million is a permanent necessity.

Whatever the difficulties may be of applying *Apartheid* in practice, the Nationalists and most of their political opponents in the United Party are determined that the Union shall remain a white State in which all effective power is in the hands of Europeans and in which the African society is segregated from the European. Once this is conceded, the Nationalists say that there is no reason at all why there should not be peaceful co-existence between a white Union and the black States of Africa. There could even be trade and a common defence against Communism or Indian aggression.

Moreover they will add: "We recognize that it is essential to have the requisite force with which to carry out a policy which makes little pretence to appeal to Africans. This force is in our hands; we have the guns, the army and the police force, and we are prepared to go to any lengths to defend and maintain the supremacy of our white domination."

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding much talk of the kind outlined above, it is very noticeable that of recent times there has been a growth of apprehension amongst Europeans. "Are we sitting on a volcano?" was a question put to me over and over again. In my judgment the



PRETORIA: Since 1910 Pretoria has been the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa. The Union Buildings, the actual seat of Government, stand in the northern hills overlooking the city and are one of the finest examples of modern architecture in the whole of Africa. A recent addition to the features of the town is the

Voortrekker Memorial. This commemorates the pioneers who first opened up the hinterland to make possible the creation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

Pretoria, founded exactly a century ago, was named after Andries Pretorius, the Boer leader. Today it is an attractive town with pleasant gardens and streets lined with jacaranda trees : in addition it is an increasingly important industrial centre producing steel, chemicals and many other products.

Business men who require information on current commercial conditions in the Union of South Africa are invited to get into touch with our Intelligence Department, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3. Up-to-date reports from our branches in Pretoria and elsewhere are readily obtainable on request.

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.





Photo: J. Allan Cash.

EUROPEAN AND AFRICAN YOUTH IN THE SHINGWEDZI CAMP, KRUGER PARK. WHOSE IS THE FUTURE?

European in the Union is not so much sitting on a volcano as building his civilization on a shaky quagmire. He will not be blown up; he will, unless he is careful, be engulfed.

The reason for this is that since the African is forbidden by law to organize himself politically or economically, or in general to exercise the basic and elementary rights of citizenship, he is being forced into the only channel of protest open to him, which is to refuse to take part in the economic life of the country. An example of what this means in practice has been the bus boycott in Johannesburg, which at the moment of writing seems to have been settled in favour of the boycotters after a struggle of three months. The 500,000 Africans who work in Johannesburg are, in theory, obliged to live in locations from ten to fifteen miles from the city. The fact that thousands live in what are called "locations in the sky," i.e. in quarters on top of the blocks of flats in Johannesburg,

and are legally supposed to be moved out under *Apartheid* regulations, is one of the administrative headaches of the whole policy. For many years these locations were ghastly slums, but recently the Johannesburg municipality has made a praiseworthy and large-scale effort to build new housing estates. However, in one of these locations (called Alexandra)—one of the two in which Africans may own their dwellings—the local bus service raised the 4d. fare for an eight-mile journey to 5d. This increase was fully justified on economic grounds, but was a heavy burden on the Africans, many of whom were paying one-twelfth of their annual income for transport. The Africans therefore decided to boycott the bus service and walk eight miles each day to work. The boycott was only twenty-four hours old when the Minister of Transport made a speech declaring that this boycott was a political and "probably Communist-inspired move being used by the African

THE FUTURE OF APARTHEID

National Congress for its own purposes. Whatever the truth may have been about this—and all my information leads me to suppose that it was not primarily a political move—the words and behaviour of the Government, which declared that the boycott must be “smashed”, rapidly gave the whole affair the semblance of an African-European trial of strength. There were then some astonishing developments. For day after day, and over distances which aggregated hundreds of miles in fair weather and foul, thousands of Africans trudged to and from work. Many Europeans, who two years ago would have been astonished at the idea that they should offer lifts to African hitch-hikers, could not be indifferent to the spectacle of women with children and disabled persons making the long trek.

The Johannesburg police became incensed and endeavoured to break the European car-lift by stopping all cars on the excuse that they wished to check licences and native passes. Meanwhile strenuous efforts were made by the municipal authorities and commercial concerns to find ways and means of ending the boycott, but it is symptomatic of the state of affairs in the Union that no bridge exists across which a meeting could be arranged between European interests and the boycott committee, who remained prudently out of sight in a land where the Minister of the Interior can charge a man with the offence of being a Communist and lay upon the accused the onus of proving he is innocent.

The boycott was conducted with a discipline (assisted by a certain amount of intimidation) which was startling in its efficiency. Provocative acts by the police, such as removing valves of African cyclists and deflating their tyres, were treated with dignified contempt. Day after day the great black tide of African humanity flowed in and out of the city and the Africans merely repeated their slogan: “We will not ride.”

It is possible that the Johannesburg bus boycott and the sympathetic movements at Port Elizabeth, like Mau Mau in Kenya and the first strike in the Northern



Photo: J. Allan Cash.

DIAMOND PICKERS.

Rhodesia copper belt, will turn out to be a landmark in racial relationship.

What are the prospects of a reversal of the *Apartheid* policy? A few voices in the Dutch Reformed Church are being raised against the morality of the idea, but the majority of the pastors strongly support it on Christian grounds and even go so far as to demand that Europeans should undertake labour normally done by Africans! It is possible to find pastors who declare that there is the authority of Holy Writ to show that *Apartheid* exists in Heaven. This section of the Afrikaans-speaking people would like Johannesburg and all its tarty, rowdy richness and cosmopolitan prosperity to disappear into a hole in the ground and stay there for ever.

It is rumoured that in a Cabinet not remarkable for brotherly love there are Ministers who are beginning to view with apprehension the possible consequences of the *Apartheid* policy. These fears are being reinforced by the attitude of Nationalist supporters who are no longer exclusively simple farmers but include “big business,” which realizes the growing importance of the Bantu as a consumer of the product of secondary industries, such as cigarettes, clothing, etc. These men,

whilst supporting *Apartheid* politically, are in favour of a rising standard of living for the African so as to increase the market, and they are not sure whether urbanized Africans will accept political inferiority without protests which may have economic consequences.

But outwardly the policy of *Apartheid* is being pressed forward, and one has the impression that the Nationalist Party is so committed to this general doctrine that it has become synonymous with the existence of the Party. It is virtually impossible to imagine any circumstances in which the Nationalists could openly revise the policy, though it is possible that as its administration becomes more and more difficult they will make various excuses to explain away to the zealots the slowness with which the policy of segregation is being implemented.

If a change of policy from within the Nationalist Party must be discounted within any foreseeable period, what other chances are there of change? There are three factors to be considered.

First, world opinion. The tide of world opinion is against *Apartheid*, but the Nationalists profess to be indifferent to this influence. The only event which would cause them to pay attention to it would be if world opinion against *Apartheid* began to crystallize in economic form. South Africa needs capital and there are signs that international financiers are not altogether happy about the political future of the Union. But, on the other hand, the Western world needs the uranium, gold, diamonds and wool of the Union, and that is a great consolation to the Nationalists.

Believing as I do that the two most significant signs of the times in Africa are that there is not an African from the Cape to Cairo who does not know what Coca-Cola is, and that Vice-President Nixon went to Accra and Uganda, I suspect that the U.S.A. is going to get "interested" in Africa during the coming decade, and one day this interest may extend to the Union and its unethical racial policies. In certain circumstances the Americans could be very persuasive missionaries on behalf of human rights.

Secondly, there is a small Liberal Party in Africa. Its day may come, but it is a long way off. In a sudden grave crisis it might acquire an emergency value as being a group of Europeans who are unequivocally against *Apartheid*.

Finally, there is the United Party, under their new leader, Sir Villiers de Graaf. They include some Afrikaans-speaking voters, but are essentially the English-speaking party. They are opposed to the "Nats" on such issues as that of the Republic, and to those Nationalist influences which aim at creating a South African Afrikaans nation from which British influence shall be eliminated.

But this gets the U.P. nowhere, since the "Nats" declare that in view of the peril to white civilization from black nationalism all Europeans should stand together. The "Nats" defy the U.P. to say it does not believe in *Apartheid* and the U.P. does not dare deny that this is so. The furthest they will go is to criticize the methods and speed with and by which *Apartheid* is being pushed forward.

The U.P. has no hope of coming into power unless there is a split in the Nationalist Party. The U.P. is bound to lose the election next year and its members have neither the courage or wisdom to see that they might as well lose it on a worthwhile issue which, in the judgment of this observer, would be a clear statement that the U.P. is opposed in principle to *Apartheid* and supports the doctrine of equal rights for all civilized men, irrespective of the colour of their skins. The leaders will tell you that a statement of this kind would wreck the Party. I doubt the validity of this judgment. My impression is that many of the younger U.P. voters are beginning to realize that the U.P. secret desire to have *Apartheid* without blood and tears, the omelette without the eggs, is an impossibility.

Threatened men live long and, although the ultimate doom of a policy which is inhuman, immoral and uneconomic would seem to be a historical certainty, it should be recognized that on the short-term view the "Nats" hold nearly all the cards. Nationalist South Africa is becoming a

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police State and moving towards qualification for the description of being the Nazi Dominion and the home and high temple of racialism in a Commonwealth which, if it is to fulfil its destiny, must be multi-racial.

There are many other aspects of the whole question, such as the position of the coloured people (people of mixed blood), the future of the Protectorates, the Indians in Natal, on which comment has had to be omitted for lack of space, but which must be taken into account by students of the state of the Union. There is also the important question of the repercussions of the racial policies in the Union on the multi-racial policies in Central Africa, and *vice versa*.

The basic fact to bear in mind is that *Apartheid* is a child of fear and a fear based on some extremely hard facts. In Africa, south of the Sahara, there is plenty of African racialism amongst African leaders, which is as objectionable as white racialism.

The basic error of *Apartheid* is that it is

a policy designed to safeguard Western civilization by methods which are a flat denial of the principles of that civilization—methods which in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy had to be extirpated from the Western way of life if it was to survive.

If the rest of the world is to make any useful contribution towards preventing the Union drifting towards disaster, those who like myself regard *Apartheid* as a policy of despair must make a great effort to understand its origins and avoid the temptation of declaring that the Nationalists can only be dealt with by a policy of segregating the Union from the West. There can be no compromise on principles, but opinion outside and inside the Union which wishes to fight *Apartheid* will do so more effectively if it recognizes the practical necessity of applying multi-racial policies in an evolutionary manner and thus refrain from driving all Europeans in the Union into the defensive position of "My country and civilization versus the world."

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

IS EISENHOWER SLIPPING ?

By DENYS SMITH

AFTER one of Eisenhower's recent Press conferences a newspaper headed its account with a statement that the "all-unclear" had sounded again. This neatly sums up a feeling which has developed in Washington during the past few months. The site of the State Department is colloquially known as "Foggy Bottom," and the fog seems to be spreading. A sense of direction seems to be lacking. The President, as head of the Government, gets the most blame. Critics used to say that Roosevelt's slogan was "We don't know where we are going, but we are on our way." Now they complain that Eisenhower doesn't know where to go and hasn't even started. There are a number of reasons which explain the present mood.

Eisenhower is the first American President who has suffered from the disability of the 22nd Amendment limiting a Presi-

dent to two terms. It was adopted while Truman was President, but he was expressly exempted from its provisions. Until Roosevelt's day no President did seek a third term, but there was always the possibility that he might. This had a salutary effect on those who opposed him and strengthened his control over his own party. It is certainly a contributing factor towards the belief that American policy, both foreign and domestic, lacks a sense of sure and confident guidance. The President's personal popularity throughout the country appears to be as strong as ever. But the politicians know that it is a waning asset so far as their own political future is concerned.

Another important factor is the President's health. He appeared to have recovered from his heart attack and ileitis operation last autumn and took an active



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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

part in the campaign. Nobody would have worried too much about the President's health if he had been a little more cautious, or not quite so unlucky, in the timing of his vacations. They always coincided with some crisis. This focused public attention on the President's absence from the White House, created the impression that he was not on top of his job and encouraged the restive feeling of revolt. When he was elected the President warned the country that he would have to spare himself to a certain degree, to neglect the petty and trivial duties encumbering the Presidential office, in order to have time for the big decisions. But the complaint now is that it is just these big general decisions which are not being made.

There is another factor which keeps the President's health before the public. That is the discussion, in which the President himself has taken part, over filling a gap in the Constitution on Presidential disability. The Constitution says that in the event of the President's "inability to dis-

charge the powers and duties" of his office "the same shall devolve upon the Vice-President." It is not clear whether it is the "office" which shall devolve upon the Vice-President or only the President's "powers and duties." Nothing is said about who decides that the President cannot discharge his functions, nor when it would be proper for such a decision to be made.

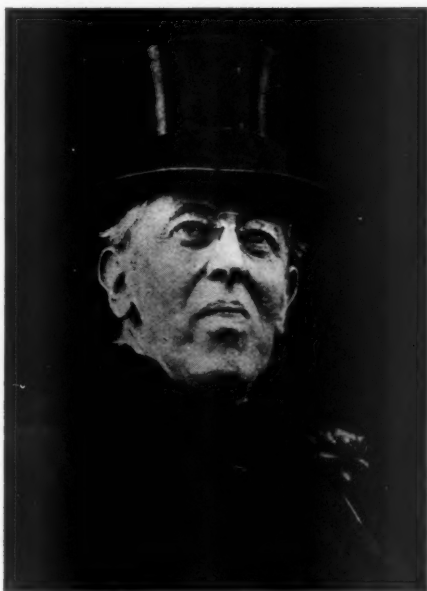
The problem is far from being academic. When President Garfield was shot he lingered on for two and a half months unable to perform any Presidential duties. But his staff refused to let these be delegated to the Vice-President, Chester Arthur, because Arthur might not have been willing to give them up if Garfield had recovered. During the last seventeen months of his second term Wilson was a sick man. Many decisions in the President's name were actually made by his White House staff. When Wilson heard that his Secretary of State, Lansing, had suggested at a Cabinet meeting that the Vice-President should take over temporarily, Lansing was dismissed for disloyalty.

During Eisenhower's two illnesses Nixon did, in effect, take over some of his duties, such as presiding at Cabinet meetings, but he was never regarded as "acting President." Sherman Adams, the President's chief White House assistant, together with Dulles and Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury, were responsible for the chief policy decisions and constituted a kind of regency board. Based on his own experiences as well as on historical precedents, Eisenhower would like to see an act of Congress clarifying the constitutional provision so that the Vice-President could become a temporary Acting President when the President was ill, much as the Under-Secretary of State becomes Acting Secretary when his chief is out of the country. Eisenhower's theory is that the President himself should decide when to relinquish and when to resume his functions. Others suggest that the decision should be made by the Cabinet, or by the Supreme Court, or by a mixed commission drawn from the Cabi-

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net, Congress and the Supreme Court.

There have been elements of weakness and retreat in the Presidential conduct of affairs which provide the occasion, though scarcely the justification, for some of the recent reports at home and abroad of how the controls are slipping from his palsied hands, still capable apparently of clutching a golf club but not the wheel of the Ship of State. A case can be made on the score that the President has abdicated executive authority to Congress in relation to the Budget, and to the Secretary-General of the United Nations in relation to foreign policy. How much of this is due to illness, how much to temperament and how much to extraneous circumstances is another matter. The last is probably the chief factor in the vacillating stand on the Budget, which the President first presented as a minimum, then invited Congress to cut only to be told that this was his job. America is a big country and it has a big budget. Taxes are not as high as in England except at the top of the scale, but Americans are more articulate in expressing their pain. When the Budget message came with its list of big expenditures and no room for tax reductions of any kind there was a slow snowballing resentment. Congressmen say that they have been deluged with complaints from their constituents. More serious from the point of view of the President's political support, the Budget started a schism between Eisenhower and business. It was increased by talks of controls, by "tight" money, looked upon as the result of policy not financial conditions. There is no organized business opposition, with speeches and protest meetings. It is spontaneous and local, but local throughout the nation. One course would have been to take the offensive, to explain and hammer home the reasons for each item in the Budget. But instead there was vacillation. The President said in effect: "It is a big Budget. We tried to reduce it but failed. If anybody else can succeed nobody will be more pleased than we are." The complaints of the business world that in some way the Eisenhower Administration,



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PRESIDENT WILSON.

once hailed as the Businessman's Administration, had let them down, could have been countered with a statistical argument that business was not doing so badly after all. Instead the President seemed apologetic about it.

The Budget is linked with the President's hope of modernizing the Republican Party, of moving it towards the centre and stealing the welfare features of the Democratic wardrobe. These are programmes which cost money. So in the public mind "modern Republicanism" became associated with the idea of a big Budget and big spending. The way in which this has been met is by less talk of modern Republicanism and making over the Republican party.

The business world's disappointment with Eisenhower does not come exclusively from big business but from small business as well, or even more so. Its outward sign is that instead of relying on the President to be their spokesman, businessmen are cutting loose from him, approaching Congress directly, putting the individual Congressman in the uncom-

fortable dilemma of having to choose between loyalty to the President and to their business constituents at home.

The Democratic opposition, sensing there is a lack of unity and confident leadership in the Republican Party, are becoming more vocal. The co-operative spirit which prevailed when the Democrats controlled Congress during the last two years of Eisenhower's first term no longer exists either in the domestic or foreign field. Why should it? The Democrats see that they express the views of many Republicans when they demand economy and criticize "big spending," or when they express dissent with the President's estimate of Dulles as the greatest Secretary of State in all history. They can thus increase the restiveness within the Republican ranks. It needs great party discipline to defend the President's views against criticism when you agree with the critics' more than with the President's views.

The President's leisurely cruise to Bermuda to shake off his stubborn cough and cold added to the belief that his health, more than any other cause, was responsible for an appearance of drift in Washington. The results of the conference itself did not, so far as American opinion was concerned, do much to restore the lost feeling of decisiveness and conscious purpose.

It may have been deliberate American official policy to minimize the results of the Bermuda Conference on the grounds that Arab opinion might be less friendly to the United States if she appeared to be drawing closer to Britain. But whatever the reason the impression was created that nothing much had been done to determine alternative courses to meet different contingencies in the Middle East. No advance was indicated towards constructive, bold, creative action.

You can search the joint communiqué in vain for any substantial change for the better in the relationships between the two Governments. It registered the fact that the NATO alliance is intact, which is a negative not a positive gain. The agreement on missiles was a reaffirmation and

extension of an American decision at least a year old. There was nothing very new in the nuclear test proposal, which was on lines suggested by Eisenhower during his campaign argument with Adlai Stevenson. American participation in the military committee of the Bagdad Pact, reached two weeks before Bermuda, was welcome. Yet this was implicit in the Eisenhower doctrine. It might have been more dignified if the United States had entered by the front not the back door. But, provided she is in, it does not much matter if she got in through the window.

Some American commentators suggested that one net gain might be Britain's realization that she was not the junior partner. But the U.S. seems reluctant to assume a senior partner role, which is left to Hammarskjöld. Nobody at the San Francisco Drafting Conference in 1945 contemplated that the Secretary-General of the United Nations would play the role of a kind of relief foreign secretary for any member requiring his services. He was supposed to be mainly concerned with the administrative side, though he did have the right to call the attention of the Security Council to any matter threatening peace and security. In fact, Article 100 expressly states that the Secretary-General "shall not seek or receive instructions from any government." It might be possible through some kind of semantic legerdemain to argue that Hammarskjöld had not received instructions from the United States, but had only been advised of the American position. But using the word in its broader sense the instructions which Hammarskjöld has been receiving prior to his various missions came from the United States, not from the United Nations as a collective body. They also came from Egypt. The other members of the U.N. were in the dark about these matters till informed by Hammarskjöld.

From the British point of view, the mere fact that the Bermuda meeting took place was a net gain. Meeting the President now seems to be a necessary ritual before any Prime Minister can feel

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that he is properly established in office. Americans treat such meetings with less breathlessness. They think of them as

harmless enough, possibly even useful, but in some respects rather a bore.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

DEV'S LAST CHANCE

*From Captain L. P. S. Orr, M.P.
Sir,*

For an article on any controversy to be labelled fair and judicious one must attack both sides with equal vehemence. This is a doctrine which is becoming increasingly popular in modern journalism. It leaves out any question as to whether or not the attacks are justified on grounds of truth or whether one side really merits more censure than another.

An article in your journal last month by a Mr. Brian Inglis, headed "Dev's Last Chance," was typical of this superficial tendentious method. Mr. Inglis, who is obviously reasonably well acquainted with the Irish Republic, presented a fair picture of political and economic bankruptcy there. He then turned to Northern Ireland, with which he has obviously no acquaintance whatever. Feeling that he had been severe with the Republic, he argued, "I must have a crack at the North as well, otherwise my article will be considered biased." This attitude then led him to make blunders which no experienced or reliable journalist could have perpetrated except with a disregard for truth cynical in the extreme.

Mr. Inglis was trapped by his method of journalism into describing what he was pleased to call the "Six County State" as being "founded in fraud and maintained by force." Because a British people in the north-east corner of the island steadfastly resisted all attempts over the last 350 years to deprive them of their citizenship of the United Kingdom, and because the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, finally conceded to them their right to remain members of that kingdom, Mr. Inglis regards this as "founding a State in fraud." Then, because British forces in a corner of the United Kingdom are strengthened a little to protect citizens of the United Kingdom from violent assaults across the United Kingdom frontier, Mr. Inglis

describes this as "maintaining a State by force."

In pursuit of his will-o'-the-wisp of impartiality, Mr. Inglis is led into many other misrepresentations, such as that "religious discrimination is practised against the minority." It may be possible to find in local government in marginal areas occasional examples of discrimination, but these are by no means confined to one side and indeed any evidence that exists appears to suggest that it is more frequently practised by the minority. To elevate this into a general statement that religious discrimination is practised against the minority is absurd. Two factors alone are sufficient to destroy such a concept: In educational policy the grants made to Roman Catholic schools are the highest in the English-speaking world (65 per cent.) as compared with 50 per cent. in England, and in employment it is an uncontroversial fact that about 90 per cent. of the Roman Catholic working population are employed by Protestants.

The purpose of this letter, however, is not to refute Mr. Inglis' article, which scarcely deserves such attention, but rather to present some brief reasons for the I.R.A. troubles, and in doing so to allow the moral to draw itself.

The combination of the Government of Ireland Act of 1920 and the Treaty of 1921 secured that Southern, Roman Catholic Ireland was permitted to secede from the United Kingdom, while Northern, Protestant, British Ireland was allowed to retain her position as an integral part of her mother country.

To most people this must appear to have been a reasonable, fair and sensible compromise solution. Certainly the people in the North of Ireland have accepted it as such. The present tragedy has been brought about by the years of refusal by the leaders of both Church and State in the South, over the last thirty-five years, to accept the spirit of this fair settlement. To use Mr. Inglis' own

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words: "The Anti-Partition movement was exploited too long in election claptrap by politicians who cared nothing, etc."

Contrast the behaviour on either side of the frontier in Ireland. In the South the partition has widened and deepened; successive Governments have moved further and further away from Britain and Ulster (first the Irish Free State, then Eire, then the Irish Republic, then outside the Commonwealth). In the North, Governments have operated the Act of 1920 in such a way as to remain as closely integrated as possible with the mother country; reinsurance and other agreements have ensured that social service expenditure in Ulster has been kept on the same level as in Britain and that Ulster people have enjoyed a similar standard of life to those in Scotland, Wales and England.

In the South, a narrow isolationist philosophy has kept Eire out of the main stream of world politics, made her neutral (but dependent on the Allies for protection) in the World War; and to-day keeps her out of NATO and the Western Alliance against atheistic Communism.

In the North, the people have been encouraged by their leaders to a new breadth of outlook, to a wide interest in the affairs of the world, to regard themselves as part of a great world power and of the great Atlantic Alliance against the menace from the East.

In Ulster we have never had any desire whatever to see the old bitterness kept alive; we have had every desire and every reason to encourage the greatest possible co-operation across the border on economic measures to benefit both our peoples. We have never taken any action which might harm the people of Eire; we have never sought to subject them to British or Ulster rule.

Alas, this friendly and liberal attitude has been met over the years with implacable intransigence. Successive leaders of all parties in the South have all subscribed to the absurd doctrine that, since Ireland is a geographical unit, she must therefore in some mysterious way constitute one nation. They have taught their young people in the schools

a highly nationalistic view of history, false and distorted. The result is that the average young man in Eire has been brought up to believe that after years of conquest and foreign rule, the "gallant Freedom Fighters" of 1916 and 1921 threw off the English yoke from Eire, but that Six Counties of the soil of Holy Ireland is still held down by a Quisling Government under the iron heel of a British army of occupation.

This nonsensical stuff would be laughable were it not that it provides the driving force behind the modern I.R.A. tragedy. The young men who are now committing such senseless and stupid acts of violence in Ulster seriously regard themselves as "Freedom Fighters," striving against British forces and Irish traitors to free a portion of their native land from foreign rule.

To-day, of course, the Eire politicians and the Roman Catholic Church leaders are loudly condemning violence; are belatedly endeavouring to speak with the accents of statesmanship. They are now at last, like Frankenstein, seeing the awful monster that their own falsehoods have created and are feverishly endeavouring to suppress it.

There is a macabre irony in the situation. The result of the violence has been that the Ulster Government and people were never more firmly united and resolved than they are now in face of the attacks upon them. Their reputation stands higher than ever; although deeply angered that a neighbouring State should have permitted armed incursions across the common border, they have kept their tempers and refused to retaliate. By contrast, in the South the recrudescence of violence has dug the ditch of partition deeper than ever before; has shown the world the bankruptcy of the Southern statesmanship and the awful pass to which a bigoted nationalism and a spiritual totalitarianism can lead a kindly and generous people.

Yours faithfully,
L. P. S. ORR.

*House of Commons,
London, S.W.1.
April 10, 1957.*

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

MISS GLADYS AYLWARD*

By ERIC GILLET

THE name of Gladys Aylward is not likely to be familiar unless the reader chanced to listen to a B.B.C. programme, *Undeclared*, some time ago. It was produced by Mr. Alan Burgess, who, hearing that Miss Aylward had been a missionary in China for twenty years, went to see her in her home at Edmonton, and found that he had inadvertently stumbled upon one of the most remarkable English-women of the century. This inspired him to write her biography, *The Small Woman*, and it is an extraordinary story. Mr. Burgess has an over-emphatic style which can be wearisome at times, but the facts speak for themselves and they leave no doubt that the proper person to review the book, if she was alive to-day, would be Florence Nightingale.

Twenty-five years ago Gladys Aylward was a parlourmaid in Sir Francis Younghusband's London house. She had previously been accepted and then turned down by the China Inland Mission because her "theology wasn't very good." She declined to be baffled by this rebuff and set out to save £90, the cost of her fare via Siberia, and after some years of struggle, with a few shillings in her pocket, off she went, undeterred by the travel agent's protests that there was an undeclared Russo-Chinese war in progress for the China Eastern Railway. It crossed Manchuria and connected with the Trans-Siberian.

Miss Aylward declined to be put off. In all the years that followed, she never was put off. The journey with bullets and shells at the end of it would have been enough for most people. Miss Aylward persisted and finally reached (via Japan) her objective, an old crochety Yorkshirewoman, who was running a one-woman mission in the South Shansi district of China. In her mid-seventies, Mrs. Lawson needed help but she hated to admit it. Having no money to speak of and being determined to spread the Christian message, Mrs. Lawson had the brilliant idea of turning her large, broken-down house into a hotel for poor Chinese, to whom she told Gospel stories after the evening meal. As the Chinese are distinctly fond of stories, the house soon won modest prosperity as the Inn

of the Eight Happinesses. Miss Aylward picked up Chinese and began to enjoy herself.

She soon became a well-known figure in her own small town and she became so fond of the Chinese people that she took out nationalization papers. Her most astonishing achievement (in a book that is full of them) was the quelling of a mutiny in the local prison. The governor had heard her preach and when his guards were unable to quell the riot, he sent for Miss Aylward. "If you preach the truth," he said, "if your God protects you from harm, then you can stop this riot." And she did, by going alone into the middle of the milling crowd, taking an axe from a madman, and scolding the rioters into shamed silence. It was one of them who named her Ai-weh-deh. It means the virtuous one.

Soon afterwards the Japanese invaded China and carried out an infamous campaign of bombing, ravaging and killing. Miss Aylward herself was beaten about the head by Japanese rifle butts. Later she took a hundred Chinese waifs and led them on a terrible trek lasting nearly a fortnight over the mountains to the Yellow River. Here a pompous Chinese official refused her permission to take her charges across, but once more she refused to be denied and ultimately arrived with her children at Fufeng, where the Nationalist Relief Organization took them over. Three years afterwards Miss Aylward decided to leave China. It was a

* *The Small Woman*. By Alan Burgess. Evans. 16s.
Onward Christian Soldier. By William Purcell. Longmans. 21s.

Shakespeare Survey 10. Edited by Allardyce Nicoll. C.U.P. 21s.

Man-Eaters and Jungle Killers. By Kenneth Anderson. George Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Crowded Galleries. By Dame Mabel Brookes. Heinemann. 30s.

The Night Has Been Unruly. By J. C. Trewin. Hale. 21s.

The Art of the Dramatist. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Complete and Free. By Eric Williams. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

The Angry Neighbours. By Hector Bolitho. Arthur Barker. 15s.

difficult decision for her to make after she had identified herself so closely with the people of Yang Cheng and had brought up five Chinese wards of her own.

The Small Woman would have been a very much better book than it is if Mr. Burgess had been less prodigal with invented dialogue. Some of it does not ring true, but nothing can alter this account of the persistence and heroism of an altogether exceptional woman, who is back in London, lecturing and preaching.

Sabine Baring-Gould, who was born in 1834 and died ninety years later, belonged to a small and select band of parsons. It includes also George Herbert and Robert Herrick, and although no one would claim for Baring-Gould poetical status equal to theirs, his hymns, which include *Onward, Christian Soldiers, Through the night of doubt and sorrow, On the Resurrection morning, Now the day is over*, and many more, in addition to all kinds of dialect songs, the most famous of which is *Uncle Tom Cobby*, can certainly not be disregarded as a writer of verse. He was the author, too, of one exceptionally vivid novel, *Mehalah*, compared by Swinburne favourably to *Wuthering Heights*, and an enormous number of books of all kinds. As the squarson of Lew Trenchard, a remote Devonshire village, and as a man who did not seem anxious to have much to do with the neighbouring clergy, it might be expected that in the spacious Victorian days he would have had time for activities of his own. The fact was that he had sixteen children and that he did not come to the family living until he was middle-aged, filling, first, curacies in Yorkshire and a Crown living at East Mersea, to which he was invited by Mr. Gladstone, but he had already written a learned work in two volumes on the *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, when occupying the curate's house at Dalton on the Swale, and as far as can be discovered he did so without reference to any library.

Sabine Baring-Gould was an exceptional and a charming character. His vagueness was a tradition in his family. Bending down from his great height he spoke to a small guest at a children's party at his house. "And whose little girl are you?" he asked. The child burst into tears. "I'm yours, Daddy," she sobbed.

On the whole Mr. W. C. Purcell has written a good biography of a man who deserved one, but there are too many slabs of Church of England history introduced which have

nothing whatever to do with Baring-Gould's life. He was a sincere and efficient parson with a great zest for living.

The biography is well worth reading, as Mr. John Betjeman remarks in an Introduction, because it records someone who behaved in a way modern conventions would not permit. His happy amateurishness makes a welcome contrast to the innumerable "experts" of every kind who flourish to-day. His mind was wider, his interests more deeply felt and pursued. *Onward Christian Soldier*, as the biography is entitled, is a refreshing and entertaining book to read.

Once more under the able editorship of Professor Allardyce Nicoll, the tenth edition of *Shakespeare Survey* appears and this year it is devoted to a discussion of the Roman plays. Dr. Dover Wilson considers the extent of the dramatist's Latin learning. Mr. Terence Spencer has an article on Shakespeare's picture of the ancient world. The volume is full of up-to-date information and reports on Shakespearean productions during the last year all over the world. I found the new volume as valuable as ever.

The subject of Mr. Kenneth Anderson's *Man-Eaters and Jungle Killers* is similar to that immortalized by Jim Corbett in his superb accounts of hunting in the Indian jungle, but Mr. Anderson's treatment is very different. He is not a professional big-game hunter, but he has been called in often to deal with situations where a locality has been terrorized by some man-eating animal. A series of his experiences was told in his first book, *Nine Man-Eaters and One Rogue*. Mr. Anderson's style is much more flamboyant and horrific than Jim Corbett's was. Among the animals dealt with are bears, panthers and elephants, and "The Marauder of Kempekarai" was a tiger worthy to rank with Corbett's most determined animals. Mr. Anderson speaks with regret about the decrease in the variety and number of India's wild life, and fears that the larger fauna will have completely disappeared before the Indians will learn what they have lost by their extinction.

The publishers have given a charming format to Dame Mabel Brookes's *Crowded Galleries*, described as having been written in collaboration with her husband, Sir Norman Brookes, the famous lawn tennis player. He does, in fact, contribute two chapters on the game, but he is as reticent in writing about his own playing days as he used to be when on court. His opponents

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were never allowed to know what he was thinking.

Dame Mabel has been extremely active in Australian life for many years, and when she was a girl she wrote romantic novels. She has been President of the Queen Victoria Hospital in Melbourne for thirty years. She seems to have specialized in meeting international celebrities. She has travelled all over the world and has also worked in a munitions factory.

Read in not too long instalments *Crowded Galleries* is entertaining, though at times a little reminiscent of some of the material to be found in the glossier weeklies.

Mr. J. C. Trewin, the dramatic critic, has taken a literary holiday after completing his good biography of Macready. In *The Night Has Been Unruly* he has chosen a number of memorable and some catastrophous nights in the English theatre. They comprise a record of some remarkable occasions.

I think Mr. Trewin was right to begin his collection with an account of the famous Garrick Jubilee in the mud at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1769, when the first Shakespearean Festival was organized by David Garrick without a word by the poet having been spoken. The first appearance of the child phenomena, Master Betty, is recorded, the terrible experience of Charles Lamb at Drury Lane when *Mr. H.* was performed, and the sad fate of Henry James's *Guy Domville* when the author took a call and was booed. Contemporary theatre-goers will be interested by the description of Peter Brook's *Titus Andronicus* in 1955, and by the amusing account of the fabulous *Young England*, which drew noisy audiences to four London theatres in the course of its turbulent run. There are some effective illustrations.

When Mr. J. B. Priestley gave his lecture, *The Art of the Dramatist*, at the Old Vic in September 1956, he took as his subject "How real should, or in fact do, the spectators in the theatre consider the actions taking place on the stage? Is the ideal a complete identification with real life, in which case the audience will be tempted to interfere with the players? Or is it a conscious critical detachment that never loses sight of the technical means used to bring about illusion?" The lecturer put forward some revolutionary suggestions stating that in order to concentrate on ideas, words and subtly intimate acting he would make a clean break with the present picture-frame stage, leaving designers

and sets to the movies. He would write for a theatre-in-the-round, the opposite of the movies both in its costs and its art, a theatre where everything visual, except the close and vivid faces and figures of the players, is left to the imagination. As long as there is a theatre there will be critics and dramatists to evolve theories and policies for it.

Mr. Priestley is very much a practical dramatist and, although he is sometimes willing to trail his coat, he supports his main thesis with appendices and discursive notes which are just as interesting as the lecture itself. People concerned with the future of the English stage should certainly read this book.

When Mr. Eric Williams, who wrote *The Wooden Horse*, made his return to commerce at the end of the war, he soon came to the conclusion that he would prefer a life that was rather less regular and settled. He remembered the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, who said that "to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free." The last three words are the title of his pleasant account of how he set off with his wife on a roundabout journey in Europe, camping at night wherever they happened to be and travelling through France, Italy, Austria, and finally into Germany, where they met some of the author's prison camp acquaintances. The journey confirmed Mr. Williams in his belief that he and industry were better apart.

The Angry Neighbours, Mr. Hector Bolitho's new book, is based on two diaries kept when he went to Palestine and lived with Zionists in 1932, and in 1933 when he was in Trans-Jordan living with Arabs. Looking back over the years, he feels that he has a divided heart over the fortunes and aims of the two countries.

The diaries are lively and full of vivid sketches of personalities who have left their mark on history. Mr. Bolitho was the first Briton who ever lived as an Arab in the palace of King Abdullah in Trans-Jordan. He stayed in Zionist settlements and met the Jewish leaders of the time. He had a long conversation with Colonel Lawrence, in which the aircraftsman, as he then was, oddly repeated the advice D. H. Lawrence had given to Mr. Bolitho twenty years earlier. He had said, "If you wish to write you must go away and live on three pounds a week." The aircraftsman, delighted with his Dorsetshire cottage, repeated, "One should go away and live on three pounds a week."

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MIDDLE EAST CRISIS. By Guy Wint and Peter Calvocoressi. *Penguin Books*. 2s. 6d.

GUILTY MEN OF SUEZ. By Frank Verity. *Truth Publishing Company*. 2s.

THE SUEZ WAR. By Paul Johnson. *MacGibbon and Kee*. 10s. 6d.

GUILTY MEN, 1957. By Michael Foot and Mervyn Jones. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

100 HOURS TO SUEZ. By Robert Henriques. *Collins*. 16s.

THE two most disturbing crises in British foreign policy in the last twenty years have been the settlement with Hitler at Munich in 1938 and the invasion of Egypt in November of last year. In both events major decisions of policy were taken which touched off extreme divisions of opinion of a kind very unusual in this country, which has a record of unity and continuity in foreign policy rare among great Powers. Both crises drew their intensity not so much from the decision taken, its wisdom or folly, but primarily from moral indignation that the country's tradition for fair dealing and respect for, and support of, small nations had been abandoned. Only when the moral indignation subsided (though not disappeared) were the policy decisions capable of discussion in terms of political wisdom or folly. Munich and the Suez invasion also have the common characteristic that they were both failures. Munich did nothing to stop Hitler's aggressive acquisition of territory, and the Suez invasion has neither unseated President Nasser, nor limited his ability to exploit the greater divisions of opinion between Russia and the West to his own and the Arabs' advantage in their primary aim of destroying Israel. At this point the Munich and the Suez crises cease to be comparable. The indignation over Munich continued unabated in a world where the basic problem of German aggression was untouched by the 1938 settlement, and the guilt of Munich was eventually fruitful in the bolder decisions of September 1939. But in the case of the Suez crisis, whole series of different problems and cross-currents of opinion have laid over the crisis of last November a fog of confusion about what really happened and what was intended. The popularity of the Government has declined and still shows no signs of recovery. But it is arguable that this is the result of the by-products of Suez rather than of the action itself. Further, there has been a series of

problems quite unconnected with the international sphere which have contributed to this decline in the popularity of the Government—particularly the terms of the new Rents Bill.

The most remarkable fact about the present Government is that with three exceptions it consists of the same Ministers who were responsible for the Suez invasion, and includes at least one extremist of the "Suez group." Yet it would be wrong to take this as an indication that the Suez policy was not unpopular and could be repeated. Perhaps it is the feeling that, whatever else happens, this country will never again be able to "go it alone" in the international field, which has lowered the temper of public indignation about the Suez adventure. Whatever the reasons, it is important to keep in the front of our minds the fact that, though we may forget easily and quickly the follies of a Government, the memory will die more hardly among those nations more immediately affected by our actions—Egypt and her Arab neighbours. The Suez campaign has solved no single problem—it has left Colonel Nasser in possession of the Government of Egypt and the leadership of the Arab world; the Canal's future is no clearer than it was in October; Israel, although she has demonstrated once again her military superiority over the strongest of the Arab States, has no greater security than her eternal vigilance can afford her; and Russia's capacity to exert her new-found interest in the Middle East has been increased. Indeed, the new power of Russia in the Middle East is perhaps the greatest disadvantage of all to come out of the Suez crisis. What is most surprising, as Mr. Wint and Mr. Calvocoressi point out, was the indifference of Russia to Arab nationalism during Stalin's lifetime. Finally, Egypt has exploited her position as an African as well as an Arab nation to bridge the gap between the fully conscious nationalism of the free Asian states—the "Bandung Powers"—and the emergent nationalism of Africa; the term "Afro-Asian bloc" has only come into general usage since the Suez crisis.

Although the six months since the invasion of Egypt have been comparatively free of violent political controversy—the sting was drawn by the Prime Minister's final statement about foreknowledge on December 20th, the day of the Christmas recess—there has been a trickle of serious literature about the crises, concentrating on the November action, attempting to understand it and even to

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explain it. Only one attempt has been made to excuse it; this can be quickly dealt with. It is, in fact, a pamphlet concerned only to establish that the Guilty Men were the Socialists, who divided the country in her great hour of opportunity so as to prevent the Government from fulfilling the task of unseating Nasser. The Egyptian President is seen as a simple tool of Russian Communism. One example of the argument can suffice: "When Moscow tugged the puppet strings Nasser kicked Glubb out of Jordan. Another tug—and Nasser was jumping for joy as more and more Communist arms arrived in Egypt."

The remaining works are less friendly to the Government's case. Mr. Johnson was writing too close to the event for the excitement to have died down, and his work is too polemical to have much value even at this short distance. The whole episode, from the nationalization of the Canal in late July until the invasion itself in the first week of November, he sees as part of a general conspiracy, carefully thought out, to remove Nasser. His evidence was of necessity slight and he is happy to speculate on every stage of events. His book has value as polemic but little as history.

The latest work, also from the left, by Mr. Foot and Mr. Jones, is more cautious and makes more reliable reading. But this too is concerned to attack the Guilty Men (this time they are on the Right), and to show that this is all we can expect if we have a Tory Government.

The two other books are of greater interest and value. *Middle East Crisis* is a sober, well-informed, completely unhysterical account of the genesis of the Middle East crisis, with a sensible account of what is known about the events of November itself, and with a hopeful series of pointers as to what future policy in this area should be. Until more information is available from Government sources this little book will stand as the most accurate statement of the facts, and those who want facts rather than polemics should read it; they will find that the facts shout a great deal louder than any party politician can. Mr. Henriques is concerned only with one section of the crisis—the military side of the Israeli campaign in Sinai. He barely touches on politics, but the account he gives of the four-day war has such an authoritative ring that a good deal of incidental political intelligence can be gleaned from it. It is a beautifully written book, and the author conveys to the reader his own highly-skilled appreciation of this most remarkable undertaking. Beyond

this, he also gives a strong feeling of that dedication and inventiveness which alone has enabled a country of one and a half million to survive in a totally hostile Arab world. It is clear that if England should ever come to build her Middle East policy round Israel, the old "Desert" soldier of the English Army will have little difficulty in transferring his romanticism about the Arab, which has so long coloured our attitudes, to the new Israeli Army.

All these books are concerned, in greater or lesser degree, with the question of foreknowledge or collusion—whether the British Government knew beforehand of the Israeli attack and whether the British Government made any joint plan of action with the Israeli. Of all the questions arising out of the whole Suez crisis, these two are the most important. Yet within six months, there is very little public interest shown in the subject. At least one reason for this is the extraordinary air of secrecy as to what did exactly take place in the last days of October 1956 and the first days of November. The opponents of the Government's policy have been unable to obtain any satisfactory answer to their questions and the issue has been politically dead since December 20th. Yet in the United States, and throughout the Arab world, it is assumed that the whole affair was planned and pre-arranged. Here is a most dangerous situation which can lead to endless misunderstanding. Certainly, the issue is no longer considered of much interest or import here—it played no part in recent by-elections. It is understandable that an Englishman should wish to forget about the whole episode. But he cannot afford to do so while the world believes that England has engaged in power politics of the basest sort. Yet so close has information been kept that there is nothing either to support or to refute the kind of accusations which the Bromberger brothers have recently published in France. It is difficult to understand why, if the charges are false, the Government does not issue an account of when the decision to undertake military action was made, and of the whole military operation. The Bromberger allegations give a plausible reason for silence; that a true story of such incompetence in planning and execution would do as much political damage at home as the unadmitted story of foreknowledge and collusion is doing abroad. Of all the armies engaged, only the Israeli Army was entirely successful; the British Army performed what it had to perform with

skill and care; but it is not easy to understand why the operation took so long and why the first troops were not landed until November 6th, two days after both Egypt and Israel had accepted the British demand for a ceasefire ten miles short of the Canal. The non-acceptance of this demand had been the only excuse for a British landing. It may well be that the official report of the British operation will never be published; it is unlikely that the Egyptians will give a fully documented account of the destruction of their army. If this is so, comment will be free while facts are secret.

It is, however, possible to sift some of the allegations of foreknowledge and collusion. At least we need not be criticized for follies which we did not commit. None of the evidence which has so far been brought forward can be described as concrete proof that the British Government knew in advance of the Israeli attack on Egypt. The circumstantial evidence is great in bulk and variable in quality. But there has been no evidence which has disproved the extremely reluctant final reply of Sir Anthony Eden to his persistent questioners on the last day before the Christmas recess (December 20th):

I want to make it clear that there was no joint decision in advance of hostilities about the use of the veto (in the Security Council). There was no joint decision about the use of the French Air Force in advance of hostilities. . . . There was not foreknowledge that Israel would attack Egypt—there was not. But there was something else. There was—we knew it perfectly well—a risk of it, and in the event of the risk of it certain discussion and conversations took place, as I think was absolutely right, and as I think anybody else would do.

This defence that there was no discussion with other Powers beyond the normal limits of ordinary diplomatic precautions against possible surprise attacks was accepted by the *Manchester Guardian*, which had previously been a strong source of circumstantial evidence. Since that date the issue has been politically dead.

How much of the circumstantial evidence will bear examination? Not very much, and since the publication of *100 Hours to Suez* less and less. Much of the argument for direct collusion has hinged on the activities of the French in Israel—particularly their Air Force. Curiously it is the French Government which has done much to foster this atmosphere (could it be that in the early stages they were hoping to make political capital out of a

successful war in which they could claim to have played a leading part?). It is admitted that French aircraft, particularly *Mystère* fighters, were flown out in surprisingly large numbers to Israel in October. The earliest reports said that they had been in action with French pilots in the Sinai campaign. The odd congratulations which M. Laforest, the French Air Minister, gave to returning pilots added weight to these rumours: "The country has applauded your exploits, but it will not know of them all." Yet the French Government subsequently denied absolutely that these pilots had been in action. Mr. Henriques does not deal with the question directly—he avoids politics whenever he can—but he does insist that the Israeli defeat of the Egyptians was independent of any aid which was given to them by the efforts of the English and French Air Forces. The inferiority of the Israelis in the air is admitted, only to be discounted.:

If Egypt had had air superiority over the battlefield—as was anticipated by the General Staff—the Sinai campaign would still have been won. If there had been no Anglo-French intervention, Israel's Air Force might have been preoccupied with Egyptian airfields and so could have given less support to her ground forces. There is no doubt that the degree of support which she was able to accord saved Israel's Army from several additional days of fighting and, in consequence, it saved casualties.

A technical consideration of the relative merits of the Egyptian and Israeli Air Forces—both the planes and the way they were handled—suggested that the mastery of the air came more easily to the Israelis than they had expected. But there is no indication that they at any point were relying on the possibility of foreseen outside help.

From this springs another question to which we have no answer. Why was it that the British and French landing in Egypt was delayed for five days during which the destruction of the Egyptian Air Force was carried out? It is difficult to believe that this was solely to ensure that, when the land troops went in, they would be safe from air-bombardment. In fact, the British command declared the Egyptian Air Force officially destroyed on November 4th, and troops did not land until November 6th. But there had never been the slightest indication that the the Egyptian Air Force, for all its recent reinforcement by Russia, was willing to chance its arm against the obviously superior Anglo-French Air Forces. The Russian

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twin-jet *Ilyushin* bombers seem to have flown off to Syria or Saudi Arabia and have not been heard of since. What possible object could the destruction of the Egyptian Air Force have if it was not to ease the Israeli position? Here is a question in search of an answer.

The greatest controversy has hinged round the October 16th meeting in Paris between the Foreign and Prime Ministers of France and England unaccompanied by any staff. According to all the early "inside information"—stated most fully in *Time* magazine for November 12th:

this was *presumably* [my italics] when Britain made the fateful decision—at France's urging—to back Israel in the Middle East. As the French knew, Israel was already on the edge of launching a preventive war. The evidence [which is not produced] indicates that it was at the October 16 Paris meeting . . . that Eden and Mollet agreed to reoccupy the Suez Canal Zone jointly on the pretext of protecting it from Israel's planned attack. Whether or not Israel was so informed is not clear (they intended to attack anyway), but from then on Israel apparently kept France abreast of its moves.

Now this may or may not be true. But is quite worthless as evidence. What happened at the October 16th meeting we do not know, and it is possible that we shall never know. As far as we can see, no record was kept, and though it will delight diplomatic historians in the future, it is likely to remain as much a secret as Tilsit, as Mr. Wint and Mr. Calvo-coressi point out. But again Mr. Henriques' story, which retains throughout its internal consistency, suggests that this pre-planning by Israel, in combination with France and England, was not possible because in fact the Israelis did not themselves know of the attack until four days before it was launched. No orders were issued at all by G.H.Q. until October 25th. Almost all the military planning was done in three days, under enormous pressure. This, of course, still leaves unanswered the question whether the politicians in Israel knew of the decision to go forward with a military campaign.

It may seem impossible that a campaign conducted with such extraordinary competence could have been mounted only on the spur of the moment, but the conversations that I had . . . convinced us that, impossible or not, it was the truth. The "spur" was the increasing strangulation of the economic blockade, the mounting tension of fedayeen activities and the obvious preparations for invasions by Egypt, whose prospects of success had been so much enhanced by the establishment of the Unified

Command of Arab States, and whose Army had received such formidable reinforcements from Russian arms, instructors [and promises]. I do not know whether or not Russia's preoccupation with Hungary was any part of that "spur." But I should guess it was.

Perhaps the truth lies somewhere in the answer to the question whether the Israelis knew that France, and perhaps England, had decided to take advantage of the Israeli attack. Certainly Israel seems to have gained little from the Anglo-French attack, and she may well have been the victim of a double-cross. As Henriques suggests, the cease-fire forced on the Israelis by the British and French may have saved two-thirds of the Egyptian Army from disintegration and possibly saved Nasser too. Here indeed is an irony of the whole crisis. What the British and the French were unable to do because of the enormous boost which their "naked aggression" gave to Nasser's position in the whole Arab world, the Israelis by the extreme skill of their armies might have succeeded in doing—destroying Nasser's power because it was shown to be valueless in terms of its effectiveness against the national enemy, Israel. But attacked in the rear by vastly superior forces of the two European Powers, Nasser had every reasonable excuse for defeat.

The remainder of the "evidence" for British foreknowledge or collusion is of a circumstantial nature and suggests bad diplomacy and sheer political folly rather than careful deceit. The first of these was the deception of the United States right up until the moment that the ultimatum was issued. Indeed, at the moment that the ultimatum was issued, talks were actually going on between the British and the U.S. Administration about the validity of the Tripartite Declaration of 1950, whereby the U.S., the French and British were entitled—obliged, in fact—to deal jointly, either outside or within the United Nations, with exactly this kind of situation. There is no proof here that this was part of a long-term deception; rather it seems to arise simply from the British and French belief—a right one—that the United States Government would not agree to the action which the two European Governments had already, in the course of October 30th, decided on. This being the case, the two Governments had no alternative but to deceive the United States. This was folly, but it was not long-term deceit. We were only too fearful that the United States Government would work with us—but not in the way we wanted.

Lastly, the suggestion has been made in two of these books that the Israeli campaign was launched from Eilat, the Israeli port at the head of the Red Sea. This is within a few miles of the British base in Jordan at Akaba. If this was so, why was the Israeli campaign not stopped at its source by the British forces—detachments of the Tenth Hussars—who were in Akaba? The answer is that the southern arm of the Israeli campaign was not launched from Eilat but from Suweilma, some fifty miles further north, and that in any case the British troops would not have been a sufficient force to act, even if they had fully understood what was going on.

All in all, the case for either foreknowledge or collusion on the part of the British Government remains "not proven." The evidence has now virtually dried up, and so long as loyalty to the chief remains the stoutest plank in the Conservative Party platform, then we are likely to learn little more from English sources. The Americans may know more than they tell—and the French almost certainly do. The account of the Israeli campaign suggests that at least the military in the Sinai Peninsula knew nothing of British or French help, and, as Mr. Henriques argues, the campaign came at an extremely awkward moment for them. More and more, it looks as though the whole Suez episode was the result of a fanatical devotion to a simple proposition—that Nasser was Hitler's ghost and must be laid—and that in the service of this high-sounding aim, the Eden Government were indeed the dupes of the more subtle-minded French who had ends of their own to serve which went beyond the preservation of the international waterway and the reduction, as it was hoped, of Russian influence in the Middle East. But the big questions are still unanswered, and while they remain so, there is naturally bound to be a strong suspicion that they can be answered only in a way which would discredit the whole Eden Administration even further. It is difficult to believe that we can live down the folly of those winter months while we are neither told the truth in detail, nor have disavowed the Administration.

H. G. PITT.

THE WEAKER SEX?

VOTES FOR WOMEN. By Roger Fulford.
Faber and Faber. 25s. net.

TO-DAY when there is universal adult suffrage in this country it is difficult for most people to realize the bitter anger and

resentment which was felt by educated women who, because of their sex, were classed with criminals and lunatics as unfit to take part in the election of their rulers. Mr. Fulford gives an absorbing record of the sacrifices which women of all ages and classes were willing to make in order to bring about a change in this monstrously unequal system.

Of the great mass of Victorian women he says:

From the bright world outside they were shielded by the shadow of man, the ideals and problems of the world only reached them as they were retailed by their lords and masters. . . . Against this background of Victorian womanhood, contented, bustling and humdrum, the tiny handful of rebels stands out in relief so conspicuous and startling, that they seem odd and almost ridiculous, till time sets them in their true place not as freaks but as leaders in the van of an irresistible march.

Whatever one may think about the final outcome, the story of the Suffrage movement is a story of noble ideals, courage and endurance; also of much folly.

I was never myself a Suffragette as I did not believe in violence as a means to attain a desired end, and I had no wish to see the inside of a prison. But I was the first to interest my sister, Constance Lytton, in the movement with which at that time she disagreed. Then, through the medium of folk-dancing, she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, who very soon persuaded her to join the Women's Social and Political Union. From that moment my sister, who was by nature a very gentle and self-sacrificing person, threw herself heart and soul into the movement and found in it an outlet for all the concealed fire and enthusiasm which till that moment had been latent in her personality. She broke away from the conventions of her birth and upbringing and rejoiced in the comradeship and lack of all class distinctions which she found in the Suffrage movement.

She was also, I am sure, drawn to the idea of getting into the inside of a prison without committing a crime, and her desire was realized in 1909 when, together with many other women, she was arrested for trying forcibly to enter the House of Commons, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Holloway.

On her release her family assembled at my house to greet her and to hear her experiences. She told us: "I have learnt something which I never thought to learn—I have learnt to hate." We naturally expected that some

THE WEAKER SEX?

cruel wardress had roused this emotion; but no, it was the prison chaplain who was the object of her hatred. This statement was very startling coming from my gentle sister, but she explained that to her a Minister of the Gospel should have shown the compassion of his Lord and Master for the sinner and the sorrowful, instead of adding religious condemnation to the sentences of the Law.

This story is not in Mr. Fulford's book, but he has a whole chapter on Constance Lytton describing how, later on, under an assumed name which she took in order not to receive any privileges, she was again imprisoned and this time forcibly fed.

The personalities of the Suffrage leaders became very familiar to me as I attended a great many of their meetings, but I never knew them as friends. The personality of Mrs. Pankhurst seems to me to be admirably summed up by Mr. Fulford:

Like all who enjoy hurling the thunderbolts of political dictatorship, Mrs. Pankhurst could not resist blackguarding her opponents, depicting the difference between what she thought right and wrong with the harsh outline of a child's drawing.

Perhaps the woman for whom I felt the greatest admiration was not my sister, or Miss Davidson, who threw herself in front of a racehorse and was killed—heroism is its own reward—but Miss Blomfield who, as Mr. Fulford tells, on presentation to King Edward at a State Drawing Room, called out: "Your Majesty, stop forcible feeding!" She was rapidly hustled out of the Royal presence.

The struggle continued with increasing bitterness and violence on the part of the women and with increasing repressive measures on the part of the various Governments in power. The women took the extreme measures of arson and destruction of property, but seemed no nearer to their goal. Then came the outbreak of the German war in 1914, which not only put an end to the Suffrage campaign but changed the face of the world, and the struggles of the women became absorbed in the greater struggle of the nations. Yet, as Mr. Fulford so truly states:

Before the militant burnings and bombings are dismissed as of little consequence, the reader will recognize that in addition to all the obvious qualities of loyalty, tenacity and high courage, militancy showed something (admittedly in an exaggerated form) of the spirit of uncertainty, of unrest, of dissatisfaction which characterized

not only the women of that time but the whole of the more intelligent of the younger generation of both sexes. The old, assured world, built on the wise conventions of the Victorians, was slowly dissolving long before the German soldiers thundered into Belgium in August 1914. Militancy was a product of that old world in dissolution, and although it antagonized thousands of people from the cause of women's suffrage it revealed those unexpected depths in the character of women which were to make the vote inevitable.

Do the women who in their thousands go to the polls to-day ever give a thought, I wonder, to those who fought and suffered and even died to win for them this privilege?

This excellent book is social history at its most fascinating and stimulating.

EMILY LUTYENS.

Novels

THE WIDOW. Francis King. *Longmans.* 16s.

ROOM AT THE TOP. John Braine. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

THE WOMAN FROM SICILY. Frank Swinnerton. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

A SHIP OF GLASS. John Coates. *Gollancz.* 15s.

THE SCAPEGOAT. Daphne du Maurier. *Gollancz.* 15s.

BREAD AND OLIVES. Pamela Arundale. *Chatto and Windus.* 16s.

MURDER AT THE FLEA CLUB. Matthew Head. *Heinemann.* 13s. 6d.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Ian Fleming. *Cape.* 13s. 6d.

THIS month provides several novels of high technical proficiency. Not that Francis King is just a technician. He is subtle and rich in character-drawing, his descriptions of scene and incident are vigorous, and he writes with an objectivity which does not make him aloof. Christine, *The Widow*, the relict of an Indian civilian, is left with a small pension, a son and daughter, and a determination to be of service. The war offers her opportunity as well as difficulty; but, the war over, her resources of all kinds wither. In particular she has to face her children's diminished need of her. She is clearly and kindly drawn, with no more concealment of her maddening submissiveness than of her gallantry. The other figures in this realistic but never humdrum story are as clearly presented, whether they are straight-

forward or eccentric, and their reactions to strain are shown with special skill. And though in mid-course this seems a story destined to end in frustration, it in fact takes its leave in a mood of optimism.

The competence of John Braine's novel is all the more notable because it is his first. Neither its theme nor its cast is at all edifying; but that is not a matter of competence, though it means that the book has a core rather than a heart. Its "hero," Joe Lampton, a horrible creature whose frankness of self-revelation cannot excuse his unscrupulous materialism, moves from a background of Northern poverty to a Midland city—to a local government job and membership of a dramatic society which introduces him to all the people he needs to know. For Joe means to get on, appreciates snobbery, and has a way with women—a way which is more than once described in some detail. His method of self-help is to put a rich man's daughter in the family way and so gain a job as well as a wife. It works, though very nearly ruined by Joe's passionate love affair with a married woman ten years his senior, whom in due course he ruthlessly abandons.

Women, it will be perceived, are to the fore in *Room at the Top*. There is also lively presentation of character and background, with touches of comedy to heighten drama and distract attention from Joe's persistent nastiness. It is, I trust, as wrong to suppose that this picture of provincial city life is generally true as it is premature to assume that its author has all that it takes to reach the top rank of novelists.

It is more certainly true of Frank Swinerton even than of Francis King that he is an accomplished novelist. But he is not quite at his best in *The Woman from Sicily* and that because of faults which his practised skill should have avoided. The hub of the book is an old woman who comes back from Sicily to England (just before World War I) to exert a ruinous power over her meek solicitor-son; but the book is far advanced before she appears, her power is less evident than her malice, and the author strained my credulity when he made her clear-sighted daughter-in-law oppose her so passively that it was scarcely opposition. All the same, here is a gripping story, rich in invention, flavoured with the macabre and embracing a murder-and-detection mystery of considerable quality. It is more effective when it deals in tangibles than when it busies itself with abstract problems of evil.

Next we have John Coates, a detached observer of the creatures and scenes that he brings to life rather, perhaps, than takes from it. Certainly I had the feeling all through *The Ship of Glass* that its central character, Anna, came not from Iceland but the moon. Accept her as inhuman, and the grief and joy, the good and the harm that she brings to her husband and his family and friends take on a nightmarish, logical solidity. It is this unearthliness in her which makes the book a provocative comment on our mortal—or British—follies and sagacities; and the other characters, some of them near to caricature, gain plausibility from Anna's strangeness, in which I include her miraculous knowledge of our language. It is in keeping with the book's nature than in retrospect I find that almost its most realistic passage was its opening, with Anna and Nicholas meeting in an earthquake in Greece.

Unreality is Daphne du Maurier's stock in trade; her gift is so to spread it over scenes and characters that the reader accepts it as realism, and is content to drift with the swift tide of her practised narrative. In the case of *The Scapegoat* I kept feeling that the scene was France of the Second Empire, whereas in fact it is France of to-day. It tells how an English history teacher, a firm Francophile and faultless in the French tongue and accent, encounters a French nobleman who is his double. He is tricked into taking the double's place for a few difficult days: difficult since the double has wife, mother, daughter, mistress and various close associates, as well as a character and habits most unlike those of the history teacher. The impostor *malgré-lui* gets through it all, and of course has a catalytic effect on the French situation. After which he presents his author with a problem which in effect (as Anthony Hope discovered with his Mr. Rassendyll) can be properly solved in only one way.

You must forget both the astringent delights of *South Wind* and the fact that there has been trouble in Cyprus; this is an inevitable comment on Pamela Arundale's sunny book. With this forgetfulness you can thoroughly enjoy this—well, it is less a story than a series of incidents in which members of a most engaging troupe of characters have parts to play. They range from the police sergeant whose passions are the keeping of order and the study of Shakespeare to the murderer turned pig-butcher, or from the Mayor with his detested love of hygiene to Mr. Percival with his Miss Twiss and his

Novels

cribbage-playing against the Abbot and his ingenious enlargements of his estate. By the way, it is nowhere admitted in *Bread and Olives* that the village of Pefka is in Cyprus—any more than *South Wind* acknowledges the existence of Capri.

Do not be misled by *Murder at the Flea Club*. The club has nothing to do with fleas, and Matthew Head so tells his story that the murder (of Nicole, the club's singer and manager) and its solution matter much less than why, say, Audrey Bellen's step-daughter behaves so oddly when the narrator (Hooper Talafiero, called Hoopy and pronounced Tolliver) is persuaded to take her out to dine. In fact this lighthearted romance reverses the usual process, the murder being little more than an excuse to introduce an assortment of Parisian oddities, some French and some American.

All that Ian Fleming wants is an excuse for scene upon scene of violence with erotic interludes only a fraction less violent. In *From Russia with Love* his excuse is a plot hatched in Moscow, its purpose to prove the brilliance of the Russian intelligence service and its method so to murder Bond, the celebrated British agent, that—no, I am sorry; I never really grasped why the lovely Tatiana had to be sent, almost by international agreement, to captivate him in Istanbul. Never mind; the author found it excuse enough for lots of battle, murder and sudden love, even if the result is not a patch on his preceding thriller.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Art

LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES FROM THE CITY ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM

(Agnew's until May 4)

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

ABOUT a dozen pictures displayed in a room in the Birmingham Free Library, marked the opening to the public in 1867 of the City's Art Gallery—a sufficiently characteristic inauguration for a provincial collection. Now a group of eighty paintings has been chosen for a six weeks' showing at Agnew's. In ninety years of its continuation this civic benefit has so increased that the temporary

Spring Books

A History of the Council of Trent

HUBERT JEDIN

translated by DOM ERNEST GRAF OSB

The first volume of the translation into English of *Geschichte des Konzils von Trient* by Hubert Jedin, Professor of Medieval and Modern Church History at the University of Bonn—the first comprehensive work on this subject for some 300 years. The *History* will be completed in 8 Books—Books 1 and 2 of which are contained in the present volume. With 8 half-tone plates of contemporary portraits.

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JAMES M. CLARK

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Fritz Saxl 1890-1948

D. J. GORDON

Fritz Saxl was Director of the Warburg Institute and Professor of the History of the Classical Tradition, University of London. The growth of the study of the history of art in this country was due to him and he was one of the first to show its importance in the wider field of humane studies in general. These essays, contributed by experts in the different fields, are representative of the many facets of his interests.

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May 23

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NELSON

FIG. 1. FRITH: *Making a Posy*.

absence of these many pictures has the effect not only of offering pleasure to the London public, but of allowing post-war Birmingham to become familiar with other works belonging to their permanent collection, which have been little seen in recent years owing to lack of space. For it must be remembered that no less than six of the main picture galleries were destroyed by a bomb; and the process of re-installment is not yet complete.

For the first eighty years the City Art Gallery depended entirely on voluntary benefactions. And to celebrate the half-century of the charitable bequest associated with the name of one of the principal benefactors, John Feeney, a delightful picture has been bought this year, Augustus Egg's *The Traveling Companions* (15). Two billows of grey silk, studies of the same young woman wearing the same outfit, meet each other across the width of a railway compartment. One reads; the other sleeps. Both sit oblivious of the miniature triptych of the Bay of Naples framed in the windows of their

carriage. The charm is in the picture-making, not merely in the anecdote. In this purchase the same excellent standard of taste in small Victorian pictures is maintained as was shown in acquiring ten years ago, through the Association of the Friends of the Art Gallery, *Making a Posy* (56), a particularly pleasing study by W. P. Frith of summer light and shade as it transmutes a beauty on a garden bench (Fig. 1). The real celebration of the present exhibition is indeed of an event in the history of the collection ten years ago and of what has followed from that. In 1946 the Corporation of Birmingham made its first grant for the purchase of works of art, thus implementing in a respectably substantial way the inscription in the entrance hall of the Gallery: "By the gains of Industry we promote Art."

The official support of the city fathers, as all can now see at Agnew's, has been used to estimable purpose by those responsible for the purchases. For it is chiefly from the last decade of acquisitions, which includes many



FIG. 2. GENTILESCHI: *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt*.

of the major works in the Gallery's possession, that the exhibition has been formed. The combined efforts of the two post-war directors, Mr. Trenchard Cox, now Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and Dr. Mary Woodall, his former assistant, has set a national example. The hopeful may hope even that our National Gallery may one day receive financial support on an appropriately comparable scale, and that the direction there may be ready to use such long overdue support with no less vigour and wisdom.

The acquisition of a masterpiece such as Orazio Gentileschi's *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt* (30) (Fig. 2) has brought more than its own reward to Birmingham in attracting grants from the National Art Collections Fund towards other purchases. Amongst these the outstandingly fine Reynolds group of *The Roffey Family* (38), one of those rare and happy combinations of distinguished ease and domestic feeling, deserves special mention. Moreover, most recently, the N.A.C.F. have allotted to this justly favoured

gallery from the bequest of the late Mr. E. E. Cook a really spectacular bonus: a good example of Ochtervelt, *The Music Lesson* (29); a particularly sensitive and beautiful Crespi, *A Girl with a Bird on her Wrist* (31); and which becomes immediately, perhaps long to remain, the loveliest picture of the whole collection, the *Landscape near Rome with a view of the Ponte Molle*, "painted for a gentleman in Paris" by Claude and one of the all too few works by his hand to have come down to our day in an almost perfect state of preservation.

There are besides these a good number of other fine things in the admirable selection of paintings chosen by Agnew's from the collection: a superb cloud study by Constable; and among minor masters of English landscape desirable works by John Crome, Paul Nash, Sir Matthew Smith, and, closely related to each other in touch with paint, Wilson Steer's *Brill, Bucks* (65) and Ivon Hitchens' *Tangled Pool*, No. 9 (61). But in conclusion, a few words of criticism. Why not refresh the

varnish on the Turner of *The Pass of St. Gothard* (18), so that its vertiginous splendours and romantic atmosphere can be appreciated? Why show the little Gainsborough *Landscape with a Cottage and a Cart* (19) in such a disastrously inappropriate frame? Why not have looked the Vlaminck *La Route* (73), a gift horse from the N.A.C.F. in 1945, in its meretricious mouth? Would the little Albert Marquet (78) presented by the N.A.C.F. in the following year have been withheld in consequence?

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

MOZART'S BIG THREE

By ROBIN DENNISTON

AN enthusiastic socialite recently said that musicians, unlike novelists and artists, were dim and uninteresting, as if their music

absorbed the whole of their self-expression. This statement, which is as true as most generalizations, can be applied with particular force to Mozart, who was, I should say, the dimmest of all the great composers. What remains to this melancholy, unstable and unemployable musician, is a public which ignores his anniversaries only because it rarely stops listening to his music, and which can pack the Festival Hall for a playing of three of his symphonies one after the other.

Concerts of his music are not rare; in London the Haydn-Mozart Society maintains a high standard both of performance and unhackneyed choice. But not every month will you hear Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra playing the last three symphonies in one evening. What was surprising was the way the music blended to make such a richly satisfying performance—the gay, the numinous and the majestic. The peak of Mozart's music, for me, is the 40th symphony. It was written in under two months and, in common with the 39th and 41st, was not commissioned. It is in G minor, and the minor always had a special significance for Mozart; though he lived in an entirely extrovert musical tradition, he seemed able to make an occasional almost furtive escape through this medium towards that spiritual unmasking which Tchaikovsky carried to such lamentable extremes. Mozart's best piano sonata (K.310) is in the minor; so is the leading Piano Concerto (K.491); so is the catastrophe in *Don Giovanni*.

What, then, has Mozart to tell us in this symphony? The answer is, nothing and everything. There is no obsessive preoccupation with a particular phrase, in the way Liszt and other lesser composers have revealed their meaning. In spite of themes of quite unusual power and subtlety, form remains the master throughout. Mozart used an orchestra which was smaller than usual; there are no "effects." The slow movement, it is true, is dominated by recurrent demi-semiquavers usually off the beat, and I would not be the first to label this feature poignant. Towards the end this is taken up by the woodwind alone, and this presents problems of intonation which in these days are usually mastered; but for Mozart the noise must have been more excruciating than poignant. The Minuet is much more like a Beethoven Scherzo with its strong cross beat and military air; and the Trio in the tonic major starts like the Beethoven of the 4th and 8th symphonies though the last bars before the *Da Capo* revert to an



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Music

earlier period. Mozart often disappoints in his last movements; he does, to my mind, even in the 39th and 41st. But the Finale of the G minor maintains the standard completely; it is built up almost entirely from the theme stated in the first eight bars.

If all this sounds suspiciously like programme notes, I make no apology. Ruskin himself (wasn't it?) thought the critic's task was to trace the features of the beloved rather than waffle about vital statistics or criticize her make-up. But I must mention Dr. Klemperer's conducting, without baton and with no histrionic gesture from start to finish. His work is done in rehearsal and his interpretations are austere and totally authoritative.

* * *

At last—and well worth waiting for—comes the Pelican on chamber music edited by Alec Robertson. The Pelicans on *The Concerto* and *The Symphony* have already proved themselves indispensable to all music lovers, as well as many music critics. *Chamber Music*, being a more recondite musical field, will be even more needed. It seems a pity that comparatively few even of the more popular classical quartets have become people's favourites in the way that some of the Brahms, Dvorak, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky symphonies have; the B.B.C. does its best, but this is not enough; the Festival Hall is devoted mostly to symphony concerts. The result is that a field of composition in which Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven all excelled, has been allowed to lie fallow. If anything is likely to remedy this state of affairs, Alec Robertson's book is.

Lovingly edited, it contains eighteen chapters by fifteen contributors. To review a serious and comprehensive book such as this much space and time is required. I can only say I find it enthralling; I find the musical examples superbly selected; and I shall profit greatly from it, as will many thousands of others.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

Craig on the Theatre

A NEW edition of Edward Gordon Craig's *On the Art of the Theatre* has now been prepared by Heinemanns at 25s. When this

Russia against the Kremlin

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book first appeared in 1911, it was a bold call to arms, a spirited attack on the theatre as it was accepted at that time. Its author was regarded either as a revolutionary or an *enfant terrible*, according to the perception of his readers. To-day it reads like a piece of history, for some of what Craig advocated has come to pass, and also much of what he feared.

His introduction, written from Venice, where now aged 85 he still fumes and charms and inspires pilgrimages from those who love the theatre and acknowledge his gifts to it, suggests that he would have liked to revise his book, but his publishers refused. Thank goodness for that! His vitality and invention burst out of every page. His discussion on whether the Actor is indeed an Artist would be healthy reading for many members of the profession to-day, and on every page we find words for our own time...

The tendency of the Western Theatre is to disregard the vital principles of the art: To invent or borrow with haste so-called reforms which may attract the public, not those which are necessary to the health of the art: To encourage piracy and imitation instead of cultivating natural resource: To take the keys of the place from their rightful keepers, the artists, and to hand them over to the "business man" or anyone.

Those who hail Brecht so loudly will find in this book that Craig was arguing along the same lines forty-five years ago.

KAYE WEBB.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

Pattern of Progress

THE Chancellor has presented his Budget and the dust of the political battle is still rising in the House of Commons as we go to press. Last month I suggested that a new policy based on incentives for the "Opportunity State" would be indicated and that it was generally believed that Mr. Thorneycroft would make this, his first Budget the initial phase of that change. The proposals he put before Parliament were, he said, the "first steps." He could not do more than "chart the pattern of progress," and indicate the path along which he proposed to make his way. The pattern pleased the pundits of the City and encouraged investors to plunge into the uncertain waters of a market which had already been heated by the glow of favourable anticipation.

There were, of course, certain concessions which would assist certain groups of companies, such as shipping, and it was obvious that the shares of those groups would be bought. It was a buoyant market on the Wednesday morning with many opening prices marked substantially higher than those ruling the evening before. In general, the first flush of activity represents a widespread optimism among investors and a determination to invest idle money early on a "buying day" rather than a steady pressure of coldly calculated investment by cautious people.

Pause for Reflection

During this first fine careless rapture the upward trend in some stocks was occasionally reversed by profit-taking. There had been some considerable price rises during the Account which ended at the close of business on Budget Day and many people had substantial profits within ten days. In many cases where stocks had been held for some time selling limits were duly executed and stock was thus made available to the market which was, generally speaking, already "short" when the demand developed.

The main centres of aggressive buying were naturally in those markets which had a direct benefit from the changes proposed in company taxation. Shipping and shipbuilding shares responded to the change from 20 to 40 per cent. investment allowance on new ships: Stores were supported because of the reduction of purchase tax on household goods and, for the same reason, the carpet and linoleum sections were active. The buying spread to some other quarters where selected companies were thought to be beneficiaries of the Chancellor's proposals. All these markets were subject to profit-taking the following day and as investors paused for more detailed reflection some sharp reductions in prices occurred.

Overseas Trade Companies

The proposal which caused some confusion even among the cautious was that which exempted overseas trade corporations from profits tax and income tax: this, it was calculated, would show a loss to the Exchequer of £35 million. This considerable sum would be at the disposal of companies to plough it back into the enterprises overseas which, because of the registration, had not been able to escape the burden of our profits tax even where they proposed to retain the profits

Finance

for further expansion in the area in which they were earned. The Chancellor's proposal clearly benefited the mining and plantation companies registered in London and the shares of companies concerned with rubber, tin, and other metals, sugar and other plantation crops, such as tea, were an active market. Beralit Tin and Wolfram and Sena Sugar, for example, were in strong demand.

One of the uncertainties, however, was the position of holding companies which controlled such enterprises financially and derived their income mainly from their dividends. Enquiries showed that the controlling companies were themselves uncertain of the Chancellor's intention and were inclined to await the wording of the Finance Bill before they decided whether they would benefit or not. The words used by Mr. Thorncroft were "Companies controlled and managed from this country but having all their actual trading operations abroad," and he went on to explain that shareholders would be subject to U.K. income tax on profits distributed as dividends and "if they are received by a United Kingdom company, to profits tax also."

The Chancellor stated that companies which have trading operations both here and abroad will have to "live off" their overseas sections in order to qualify. This made it more difficult to decide which companies would benefit, and uncertainties caused the price of a number of stocks to fall as sellers followed the early buying optimism.

Expanding Exports

The President of the Board of Trade, in the Budget debate, announced that our March export figures reached a record level of £313.3 million. In the first quarter there was a rise of 15 per cent. in exports to the United States compared with the first quarter of 1956. These figures were noted with satisfaction in the City, but they need closer examination and correlation with many other factors. Sir David Eccles stressed several important points in his speech which had some effect on the outlook of investors.

Among these was his account of expanding production in the motor trade and greatly increased orders from overseas for plant and machinery. The defence cuts, he stressed, would release additional capacity in the engineering industries so increased production would match the larger orders for export. He was confident that the tax relief to British overseas companies would bring this country



BY WILLIAM SARGANT

Battle for the Mind

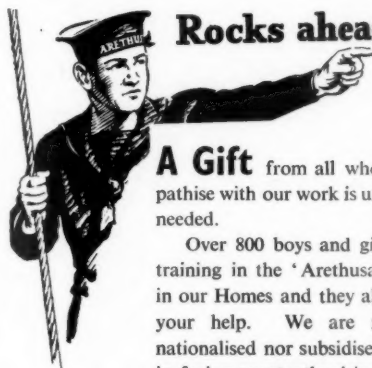
Bertrand Russell

WRITES

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a big return on exports because many firms would put themselves in a position to benefit and thus increase overseas trade.

Investors are digesting all these claims and it will obviously take some time for opinion to harden after closer examination of the trade problems involved. The market is likely to vacillate, therefore, during the passage of the Finance Bill.

Profits and Costs

The Budget always creates a cloud of investment uncertainty and many factors, both political and economic, which were in the forefront before Budget Day are apt to fade into the background during discussion of the Chancellor's proposals. This year is no exception. Before April 9 the storm of industrial strife was temporarily stilled by the appointment of Courts of Inquiry: the demand for higher wages still faces the engineering and shipbuilding employers, and in the few days before the Budget other wage agreements resulted in many millions being added to the nation's pay packets. These industrial problems will loom up again when the Finance Bill is being debated and the prospect of further inflation will be one of the factors affecting investment. Britain seems still to be able to compete with her industrial rivals, according to the figures I have quoted, and profits are not lacking. But the prudent investor is keeping as wide a spread of holdings as possible and putting some of his eggs in the basket of Canadian expansion—just in case wage rates should seriously impair our competitive power.

LOMBARDO.

The series "British Business To-day" will be resumed next month with an article on The Steel Industry.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony complete on one disc instead of the usual one and a half or two is a technical achievement, and one accomplished by the Vox engineers with remarkably good quality of sound. This achievement is put at the service of a very fine performance indeed by the Pro

Musica Symphony Orchestra, Vienna, with an admirable Viennese choir and four excellent soloists, Wilma Lipp, Elizabeth Höngen, Julius Patzak and Otto Wiener, the whole conducted by Jascha Horenstein. We have here the first completely satisfactory, indeed thrilling, singing of the choral finale to be recorded (matter enough for gratitude) and in addition a very good performance of the preceding movements. One has to turn over the disc in the middle of the slow movement, but that is preferable to a break in the tremendous finale (Vox PL10000).

Schumann said he composed his B Flat Symphony, Op. 38, "in that spring urge which comes afresh over everyone, even the oldest." Kletzki, conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in the work, has evidently been filled with that urge; the music is indeed radiant with it. Unfortunately it seems to spill over, and became undisciplined, in the D Minor Symphony, Op. 120, on the reverse. The composer first called this work a "Symphonic Fantasy," but Kletzki's treatment of the first movement, pulling out of phrases and variations of tempi, is the wrong kind of fantasy. In the other movements he recovers his poise for the most part; the slow movement and scherzo are especially well done. Admirable recording (Columbia 33CX1419).

The British Council, so often sniped at, have done a good work in having recorded under their auspices Robert Simpson's First Symphony (1951) and the composer has been fortunate in his conductor, Sir Adrian Boult, who secures an excellent performance from the L.P.O.

I cannot do better, in warmly recommending this attractive addition to the symphonic repertoire, than to quote the praise of a colleague: "Construction and fancy, sensuous attraction and intellectual satisfaction, proceed hand in hand . . . here is a new and important voice in British music" (H.M.V. BLP1092).

The *Two Portraits*, Op. 5, by Bartók are early works in which, as in the *Second Suite*, the influence of Strauss can be discerned. They make an interesting pair and represent two aspects of one subject. The first one, with a violin solo prominent, is tender and romantic, the second (using the same theme) ironic and distorted. With this work is coupled a brilliant if superficial orchestral essay, *Orchestral Variations on a Theme by Paganini*, by Boris Blacher, one of Germany's best composers. Both works are splendidly

RECORDS

played by the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra under Friscay with Rudolph Schulz (solo violin). The recording of the strings in the Bartók is not altogether happy and needs a top-cut (D.G.G. DG16054).

I can only deal briefly with a number of concertos. Gina Bachauer, with the London Orchestra conducted by Alec Shearman, plays the E Flat Piano Concerto, K271, acceptably but without finding all the poetry in the wonderful slow movement. She adds a pleasant performance of the delightful and Haydn-esque Sonata in G, K.283. Recording adequate (H.M.V. CLP1096). Arthur Grumiaux gives musicianly performances of the B Flat and D Major Violin Concertos (K.207 and 271a) with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Paumgartner. Recording good (Philips ABL3147).

Igor Oistrakh, son of the famous Russian violinist, shows himself to be (as recently at his London recitals) a fine artist with impeccable technique and a lyrical tone that reminds one of Kreisler. He excels in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, but is rather too cool in the Wieniawski D Minor (Op. 22). He is splendidly accompanied by Konwitschay and the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra and the

recording is first rate (D.G.G. DGM18239).

Finally a grand, indeed magisterial, performance of Dvorák's Cello Concerto by Cassadó, adequately accompanied by Perlea and the Vienna Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra. It has Tchaikovsky's "Rococo" Variations on the reverse (Vox PL9360).

Chamber Music

It is shocking that, through lack of public support, Nixa had to delete the splendid Schneider Quartet Haydn series. The Vegh Quartet play two of these fine deleted works on D.G.G. DGM18094: G Minor, Op. 20, No. 3, and F Major, Op. 77, No. 2; good performances and recording. More Vivaldi! This time a specially attractive set of concertos. G Major for two solo mandolins: C Minor, only a concerto in name, composed for strings in four parts throughout: E Flat, *La tempesta di mare*, full of conventions turned to good account; and A Major with *violin-cello all' Inglese*, an intriguing sub-title. The artists are too numerous to mention but all are excellent. Renato Fusano conducts the Virtuosi di Roma. This is a most enjoyable disc (H.M.V. ALP1439).



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Records

Instrumental

Heifetz has recorded Bach's six Sonatas for solo violin on H.M.V. ALP1449-51. Much here is of first-rate quality, but if one requires not only great skill but also beauty of tone then the Martzy Columbia discs (33CX1286-8) are still, for me, first in the field. Albert Ferber, a very intelligent pianist, interested me throughout his recording of the first book of the Debussy Preludes, except in *Des pas sur la neige* which sounds far too loud for this sad winter landscape. This may be a fault of the not very good recording (Ducretel-Thompson DTL93116).

Choral and Song

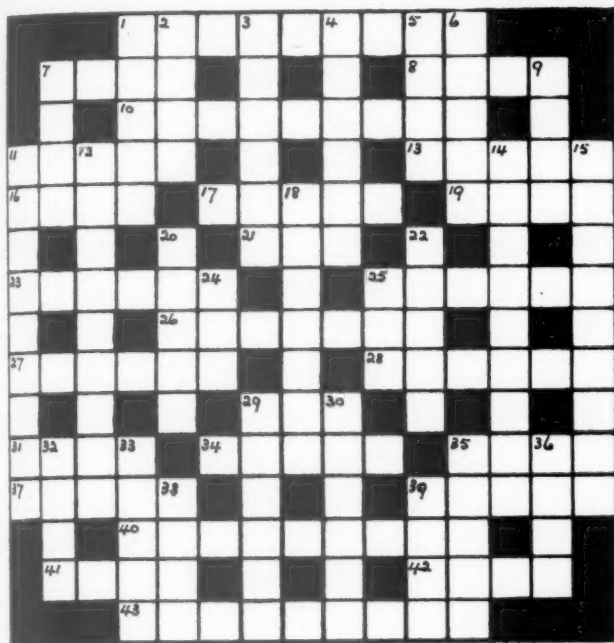
Brahms's *Song of Destiny* and *Academic Festival Overture* with Liszt's *Thirteenth Psalm* are good measure on one disc, especially when the conductor is Sir Thomas Beecham with the R.P.O., the Beecham Choral Society and Walter Midgley as the good tenor soloist in the Liszt. The latter is a striking and dramatic work, and like the *Song of Destiny*, admirably sung (Columbia 33CX1429).

In a recital of songs by Grieg and Strauss the young Norwegian soprano, Aase Nordmo Løvberg, who will have appeared for the first time in London by the time this review is printed, displays a voice as clear and limpid as spring water and remarkably even throughout its compass. She is most successful in her Grieg songs, less so in rapturous things such as Strauss's *Cécilie*, but obviously has the makings of a fine singer. She has been tipped as Flagstad's successor; but the two voices are of entirely different quality. Gerald Moore accompanies splendidly throughout this excellently recorded recital (Columbia 33CX1409). Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is given a sound traditional performance by the L.P.O., Huddersfield Choral Society, and Elsie Morrison, Marjorie Thomas, Richard Lewis and John Cameron, conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent (Columbia 33CX1431-3). My only complaint is that the superb Huddersfield singers' words are not clear. Decca issue another beautiful disc of Gregorian chant by the Solesmes Monks Choir, Masses of Ascension and Assumption, with some other pieces (Decca LXT5227).

Opera

Lisa della Casa sings, very beautifully, five arias from Handel's opera *Giulio Cesare* and others from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte* and *Le nozze di Figaro* with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and no less than four different and all eminent conductors, on Decca LXT5277. ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 9



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on May 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Brems Buildings, London, E.C.4

Last month's winner is: Mrs. Tadman, St. James Lodge, Lind Place, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Capital provides initial levy (5, 4).
7. A team's turning line (4).
8. "I'll cavil on the ninth part of a . . ." Shakespeare (*King Henry IV*) (4).
10. They'd soon make a hole in a sovereign! (9).
11. Paid musician? (5).
13. Combine—in summer generally (5).
16. What they say must not be spared about a way of progress (4).
17. Something for the Oriental to chew on (5).
19. Unproductive Franco-British articles (4).
21. Cook is when the cake is (3).
23. A fine alternative! (6).
25. The spirit of travel (6).
26. Dress for eviction (4-3).
27. Linger with nothing on in a lake (6).
28. Repast breaks up when lights appear (6).
29. It's the last word! (3).
31. Some of them use birds (4).
34. Goldsmith wrote like one, said Garrick (5).
35. Not a common fellow (4).
37. Eager but heart broken (5).
39. Suitable vessel for bumping races? (5).
40. Do such shrubs never mature? (9).
41. It was "full of noises", according to Caliban (4).
42. Apple-pie beds for young ladies (4).
43. A gift for the cyclist? (4, 5).

DOWN

1. Discharged if turned colour (5).
2. Bohemian river is twisting about (4).
3. Sees about a hundred seasons (6).
4. Censured artist and I went ahead (6).
5. They have this objective (4).
6. Supporting picture in the making perhaps (5).
7. A soldier with nothing for money-changing (4).
9. Equip a star (4).
11. Driver is right about a measure (9).
12. Punishing job for the cashier (6, 3).
14. Dog to aid recovery in a way (9).
15. Sure-finish pen (9).
18. Browning can be painful! (7).
20. Rubbish or turner (5).
22. A thousand late up (5).
24. She's concerned in renunciation (3).
25. Place for returning sheep (3).
29. Follows fish of course (6).
30. Shortage of twisted thread (6).
32. Scholar and soldier are wise men (4).
33. "The dust and silence of the upper . . ." Macaulay (*Essays, Milton*) (5).
35. Committee of enquiry into plane crash (5).
36. Fliers of the future perhaps (4).
38. A girl comes first always (4).
39. Place of retirement to the East for an old writer (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 8

ACROSS.—1. Dope. 3. Falstaff. 10. Seaport. 11. Trellis. 12. Roost. 13. Champagne. 14. Coal merchant. 18. Puddingstone. 21. Miniature. 23. Olive. 24. Egotist. 25. Eremitic. 26. Elsinore. 27. Left. DOWN.—1. Disgrace. 2. Pianolas. 4. Astrakhan. 5. Stepping stones. 6. Allege. 7. Fishes. 8. Noctambulation. 9. Otic. 15. Red duster. 16. Homicide. 17. Tenement. 19. Ampere. 20. Snoops. 22. Eyed.

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